THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH. VITALITY!
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood, &c.
EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation. Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskilful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 500 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.
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American Farm Law.
A work that every Farmer, Business Man, Board of Select Men, Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice in the State should have. Compiled in the simplest manner by HENRY AUSTIN, Esq., of Boston, Mass., member of the Suffolk Bar. Second edition, 326 pages. A limited number of copies of this useful work for sale at the office of the *Maine Farmer*. Sent by mail postpaid to any address on receipt of TWO DOLLARS per copy. This work is highly recommended by the Press throughout the country. We take pleasure in recommending it to our subscribers, and to all others in need of such a work.
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Feb. 1, 1888. 12tf

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Also a number other places varying in price from $500 to $6000.
Also a large number of houses and lots of land in Augusta, varying in price from $400 to $4000. To apply to
E. W. WHITTEMORE, Atty., P. O. Box 38.
April 27, 1887. 16tf Augusta, Me

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VOL. LVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889. No. 43.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Lewiston Falls, in September, 3rd, 4th and 5th.
Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society—At Canton Driving Park, Sept. 24th, 25th, and 26th.
Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Andover—at Andover, Sept. 18th, 19th.
Buxton and Hollis—Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.
Capital Grange—at Augusta, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—at Cumberland Centre —Sept. 25th and 26th.
Cumberland County—at Gorham, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
East Somerset—at Hartland, Sept. 18th and 19th.
Eastern Maine State Fair Association—At Bangor, Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th.
East Oxford Agricultural Society—At October 8th, 9th and 10th.
East Eddington, East Eddington, Oct. 2d and 3d.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Farm, Farmington, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Kennebec County—at Readfield, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.
East, Camden, Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st.
Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta Driving Park, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Maine State Agricultural Society, and Maine State Pomological Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
North Franklin, Phillips, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lakeside Park, Princeton, Sept. 24th and 25th.
North Aroostook Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Fort Fairfield, Sept. 3rd, 4th and 5th.
Naples, Naples, Sept. 4th.
North Kennebec—at Waterville, Oct. 1st and 2nd.
North Penobscot—Sept. 25th and 26th.
Oakland Valley Fair—Cornish, Sept. 3d-5th.
Oxford, Norway and So. Paris, Oct. 1st, 2nd, and 3d.
Oxford West, Fryeburg, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Orrington Agricultural Society—At Orrington, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.
Penobscot Central—At Foxcroft, Oct. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Sanford Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oak Grove Park, Sanford, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th.
Sagadoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society —At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Somerset Central, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Shapleigh and Acton, Shapleigh, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Sarsoro and Cape Elizabeth—Oct. 8th.
Union Agricultural Society—at Ellsworth, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.
Waldo County—Sept. 24th and 25th.
West Somerset—at North Anson, Sept. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
West Washington Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 24th and 26th.
West Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.
Washington Centre, Machias, Sept. 18th and 19th.
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe, Sept. 24th and 25th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.
York Co., Horse Breeders', Ossipee Valley, Aug. 26th, 27th and 28th.
York County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

Don't cut the corn for the silo till the ears are full and the kernel begins to glaze. At this time the highest percentage of nutritive matter is stored up in the fodder.

Prof. Sanborn says, suggestively, that passive men have often got along well with the agricultural colleges of the country, and men with opinions occasionally.

Don't try to follow the ways and methods of your rich neighbors, unless they are the best for you. It makes quite a difference whether one has money to spend or whether he has to make it.

The best beef cattle have advanced to $5 live weight in the Chicago market, with

Dr. Hoskins says: "It may be truthfully said that, other things being equal, a young farmer who starts with a fair knowledge of the sciences has very much the best chance for success. But where can he get this knowledge? Not the first spark of it is taught in our common schools."

Prof. J. W. Sanborn asserts that the idea that ripened cream gives the best keeping butter is only an assertion; and that no proof exists to show it to be a fact. He also says there is no proof that butter from open pans will keep better than from deep cans set in water.

"What we lack, perhaps, more than all," says the great horticulturist, A. J. Downing, "is not the capacity to perceive and enjoy the beauty of ornamental trees and shrubs, the rural embellishment alike of the cottage and the villa, but we are deficient in the knowledge and the opportunity of knowing how beautiful human habitations are made by a little taste, time and means expended in this way."

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The Railroads and the Fairs.

In contemplating the unprecedented success of our State Fairs and the good resulting therefrom to the agriculture of the State, we should not overlook the fact that first of all we are indebted to the liberal policy in relation thereto adopted in the outset by the Maine Central railroad, through its far sighted and able manager, Payson Tucker, and readily seconded by the other railroads and the different steamboat lines in the State. From the time that a few zealous men, faithful to agriculture and the other industries of the State, resurrected the old State Society from a bankrupt condition and came forward so earnestly in its support, our railroads and steamboats have transported to and from the exhibitions *free of charge* all stock and all other contributions of whatever kind intended for exhibition, and have cheerfully and promptly placed at the disposal of exhibitors all the train service for the purpose that their highest convenience called for. In effect this has annihilated distance so far as exhibits are concerned, and has enabled the remotest parts of our broad State to lay down their contributions to the exhibitions on equal terms with all others. Without a full exhibition the attendance of the public cannot be relied upon, nor can the interest of the people in the work be kept up. These great exhibitions never could have been built up and annually continued without the generous policy toward them adopted in the outset by the foresight of the popular manager of the Maine Central road. In addition to all this free service of the transportation lines, passenger rates have been placed so low that the people all over the State have been encouraged thereby to turn out to the fairs. As a result of all this, we have great exhibitions and crowds of people, a combination without which no success in this direction could be long continued. So far as we know nothing like this generous policy has been adopted in other States, certainly not in New England. As a result, none other of these States with like population has reached the success that has rewarded our efforts in Maine.

It is a gratification to know that while the fairs have been so greatly benefitted by this liberal policy, the roads have made money out of their generosity through the increase of passenger traffic brought about thereby. Thus in building up our fairs they have brought a benefit to themselves in turn. This has always been the far sighted policy of the Maine Central road—to build up the business of the State and thereby promote its own—and nowhere has the wisdom of this course made itself more apparent than in connection with our State fairs.

New England Butter at Paris.

It is known by our readers that an exhibition of American butter was made at the Paris exposition, in charge of Prof. Cheesman of Boston. Professor Long, dairy editor of the *London Farmer*, speaks very highly of the quality of this exhibit, and admits that some of the samples not only equalled but even surpassed anything that he had ever seen before. He also compliments the simple, clean and practical packages in which the butter was put up, and calls the attention of his readers to the important fact that expert American butter making goes back of the work in the dairy room to the management of the cattle. "Public exhibitions of butter making," says he, "exhibit only one-half of the work." Yet, it may be added, this handling of the milk, cream and butter is half, the importance of which never will admit of being overlooked. Indifferent work here may spoil the product from the best of milk.

The Apple Crop.

Further developments in regard to the apple crop go to confirm the conclusions as given in the *Farmer* two weeks ago. The crop in New York, where the largest supply for the European market comes from, is unquestionably short. In this State the condition of the crop is improving as the season advances. The fruit is very large at this date, and there being plenty of moisture they are holding well to the tree, and will pan out, as the saying is, full as well as they show. Information in regard to the English crop sets it down at less than last year, with a resulting prospect that large shipments from this side the water will be wanted. Altogether the outlook for a market for this year's crop is favorable. The fruit will be ready for picking earlier than usual.

The Bay State and the Dairy.

The Bay State Agricultural Society is taking the lead in the introduction of new features at its annual exhibitions. Prof. Cheesman of Boston has been delegated to organise a working dairy at its fair to be held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, Oct. 7–12. Butter making will be carried on with the improved machinery on exhibition, during which there is to be held a series of short "talks" on methods and practices by well known experts who are carrying on the business for a living. These are to be given twice daily at stated hours, and the different speakers will illustrate their lectures with the apparatus on exhibition and the work done by them. This can but prove an important addition to the dairy department, and in connection with the tests of dairy cows to be made at the same time cannot fail to be in a high degree instructive to all dairymen.

Station Work.

Bulletin 5 of the Maryland State College Experiment Station, from Prof. H. E. Alvord, Director, gives a summary of the field, garden and orchard work going on the present season. In orchard there are being grown 246 varieties; small fruits, 143; vegetables, 755; field crops, 338; grasses, 103; miscellaneous, 4. This makes a grand total of 1,488 varieties of useful plants under trial. Samples of these as far as may be are to be shown at the Maryland State Fair to be held this autumn, and also at several county fairs. Announcement is made that visitors are at all times welcome, and will be given every possible attention that the work in progress may be seen and its objects understood. Truly. Prof. Alvord knows how to earn success.

Flowers have no prejudices, they grow as well for sinner as saint. If we find anyone going about doing good, we do not inquire as to his creed, neither do we of a flower. Their works tell their faith. As a flower will bloom in a Mohammedan garden, the convent yard, or clamber about the synagogue, bestowing its perfume to be inhaled by the unjust as well as the just, so let us use our flowers to do good in the world, contented with the benefits they confer. Although many bad people are lovers and buyers of flowers, their tendency is to educate, elevate, sweeten and refine. We do not believe anyone loving flowers can be utterly bad. When you find a man who loves his flowers and garden for their own sakes, you will rarely find a bad one.

Be a liberal but not a wasteful feeder. Let every kind of food be fed in that manner which will give the largest and best returns.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

In the Garden of Maine.

A ride through Aroostook at this season of the year is an inspiration to a tired man. The ever varying landscape with its rich coloring of green and gold—the green of the richly carpeted meadows and the broad stretches of verdant forest, and the gold of the ripening grain—the clear, bracing, health giving air, perfumed with the odor of the wild flowers which fringe the roadsides, and musical with the songs of birds, all these combine to render a ride through Aroostook on a pleasant August day, one of the most charming that can be found anywhere in the land. In order to enjoy it to the utmost, one must have earned a few days outing by months of steady application to business, must, in fact, be tired in brain and muscle; then the change from the every day routine of labor, and the relaxation from continual care, give an added zest to the enjoyment of the trip, such as the habitual pleasure seeker can never know. Leaving all cares behind us, we started out from Presque Isle on a beautiful August morning, for a trip to Houlton and adjoining towns. Having a good team and a spare seat, we were glad to take in as a traveling companion to Houlton, Hon. T. H. Phair, who has just returned from quite an extended tour throughout the west. Mr. Phair is a man who travels with his eyes open, and estimates things at pretty nearly their true value. After looking over the whole situation in the west, he decided it was Aroostook good enough for him. As he expressed it, "when I returned from the west, after having gone as far as Dakota and looked the ground over pretty thoroughly, I said to my wife, we're all right well fixed here, well know our neighbors, and they're a pretty good crowd. We've got a good home and are making a fair living; a dollar here is worth ten out there, and I guess we'll stay here." Not to the excitement over western investments, he regards it as kept up almost wholly by abundant advertising and wholesale "booming." So long as eastern men continue to send their money to these western towns, so long the fictitious values will be kept up, and the fevered speculation continue, but he thinks that in the end many are destined to get badly bitten, for the very reason that in many cases there is really no substantial basis upon which to build the boom. This is not only the opinion of Mr. Phair, but of other level headed business men who have visited that section, and with whom we have recently conversed. Could Maine men in general but come to have faith in the solid advantages and substantial resources of their own Aroostook State, and put the same energy, vim and enterprise into an organized boom for Aroostook county and other parts of the State, whose resources are now lying undeveloped, Maine would not only increase largely in wealth, population and business enterprise, but would afford ample opportunity for her citizens to invest all their surplus funds in real, legitimate and profitable ventures within our own borders.

But while we are thus digressing, our lively span is rolling us swiftly along over a smooth road, on either side of which are beautiful fields of ripening grain, extending away back to the woodland, and broad acres of potatoes whose luxuriant tops, covering the ground from row to row, give promise of a rich and abundant harvest. The hay has long been cut and gathered into barns, and the meadows are covered with a new growth of rich, rank verdure. The hay crop this season was a large one, and hardly a shower coming to interfere with the work, and though the crop of growing grass was considerably below that of last year, yet we think that over the county through, there is as much prime hay, secured in good condition, in the barns today as there was at this time last year. The grain crop never looked better. Very few fields are touched with rust. More oats than usual were sown last spring, and the crop will probably be the heaviest ever raised in this section. Wheat is exceptionally good, the straw stout and stands erect, while the heads are plump and heavy, and well filled to the extreme tip. No blight, mildew, rust or weevil has yet attacked the wheat, and if August brings no destroying frosts, this crop is sure to be a most bountiful one.

As we ride along, we see signs of substantial prosperity and abundant thrift on every hand. Westfield, which lies directly south of Presque Isle, is a prosperous, growing town, and contains many fine farms, whose enterprising occupants are making many substantial improvements in the way of new and better buildings, and a general smoothing and tidying of their fields and roadsides. Within a very few years this town has been reclaimed from the wilderness, and its broad acres are fields, rich with waving grain, and with long, well cultivated rows of potatoes, now greet the eye, where it seemed but yesterday the sturdy occupants of the farms were the only occupants of the soil. Crossing Westfield, we come into the thriving town of Blaine, and soon from the top of a gentle eminence we see its neat, busy little village, situated at the junction of the Fish River road with the stage road from Houlton to Presque Isle. Off to the left, a most prominent feature in the landscape is Mars Hill, a mountain of no mean proportions in this latitude. Far up its sloping sides cultivated fields have encroached upon the forest, while at its foot lies one of the most beautiful tracts of level, fertile land to be seen in a day's journey. We stop at the hotel in Blaine but a moment to leave some posters for our coming show, and then speed away for Bridgewater. Throughout Blaine the grain fields look most luxuriant, but we noticed here and there a field of potatoes in which many unkempt weeds had been allowed to grow along the road. Entering the town of Bridgewater, we find the same promise of bountiful crops on every hand. We passed one large field of late new land clover just put into cock. It was a beautiful sight. The big tumbles were so near together that one could almost leap from one to another by merely using his feet. No rain had touched them since the cutting, the leaves looked green and rich, while from the sides of the verdant piles great red blossoms hung, fresh and beautiful, and filled the air with their fragrance. Long before noon we arrive at the village of Bridgewater, and rein up before the door of mine host Fulton for dinner. Here, too, we are to lay over through the night. Bridgewater is a live town, and has many enterprising citizens. Faith in the Northern Maine and the benefits it will bring to this region, is here strong and abiding, and the town has pledged a most liberal amount in aid of the enterprise. Just across the way from the hotel lives Hon. Geo. W. Collins, who is also highly interested in Aroostook in the Senate last winter. Calling upon the Senator we are most cordially received. He is a busy man, and has a diversity of business enterprises, both agricultural and manufacturing, to occupy his time and attention. He will without doubt be invited to return to the Senate next year.

After a most bountiful dinner, served in landlord Fulton's best style, the horses are brought to the door, and embarking once more we resume our ride. Never in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant was the road to Houlton so smooth and even, and with our team well fed and rested, we skip merrily on our way. A ten mile run brings us to Monticello, with its big hills and big mills, and slight evidence of activity on every hand. Vainly the engineers sought for a feasible route to bring the line of the Northern Maine to the heart of this enterprising village, and the town is wavering as to giving anything in aid of this road, whose route will be but two miles from the village centre. We hope, however, that wiser counsels will prevail, and that even before these hurried lines are put in type, Monticello will have seen her real interest and done her whole duty. Leaving this village behind us, we soon reach the spacious school buildings, which speak volumes in its favor, we drive on towards the town of Littleton. Now for the first time we see unmistakable signs of rust upon the potatoes. Mr. Phair jumps over the fence into a big field of Hebrons, pulls up a hill, and pronounces them ripe and with skins smooth and firm. The rust has come too late to do any damage, and a heavy crop is assured. Through Littleton the rust has also appeared in the potato fields, but the broad fields of grain are rich and golden, and ripe already for the harvest. In many fields the harvesters are already busily at work, and the wagons are being drawn to the barn, groaning beneath the heavy loads which are to fill the ample mows.

While the sun is still well up in the western sky, we drive into the beautiful town of Houlton, the metropolis of Aroostook. Here we drop our genial travelling companion, and push on two miles farther to a friend's in the town of Hodgdon, where we are to pass the night. The next day is spent in driving about Hodgdon and calling upon old friends. We note many changes and see improvements on every hand, but there does not seem to be the general air of push and breeziness that is noticed among the farmers and business men of northern Aroostook. The town is one of the best in the county, but it is much older than the towns in the Aroostook valley, and is more conservative, regards and conservative in their bearing. The village at Hodgdon Mills shows signs of thrift and enterprise, and the large steam mill of Messrs. Sharp & Ketchum is doing a large and extensive business in all kinds of lumber. Next day we visit Houlton, and find it has grown to be a charming little inland city in all but the name. We ride through its pleasant streets, and are surprised at the number of costly and beautiful residences that have been erected within a few years. Upon the business streets the stores and blocks have a solid and substantial appearance, and everything indicates that the business of the town is upon a sound and permanent basis. We found the business men of the town fully alive to the importance of securing the early building of the Northern Maine, and all assured us that Houlton would do her full part towards hastening the commencement of this much needed road. Houlton has much wealth, has many wide-souled, free-hearted and generous citizens; and could we be assured that we could go to Presque Isle when we died, we should certainly be not in any hurry to get there. We rode out among the farms on many roads, and while the grain crops are immense, the potato crop is certainly, to all appearance, behind that of northern Aroostook.

Time and space forbid, or we would gladly tell of our ride to Nickerson Lake, Houlton's beautiful summer resort, a lovely sheet of water, set in rolling hills, heavily wooded hills, about five miles from the village. On the shores of this quiet lake many of the citizens of Houlton have built their summer cottages, where they love to move their families during the hot weather, and here enjoy rest and comfort such as the crowded fashionable seaside resorts cannot afford. Picnic parties almost daily visit the lake, and one may go in the fine little steamer which plies upon its placid waters, or skim over its glassy surface in some of the fine little sail boats kept here by Mr. Herrin for the accommodation of the public. Many other incidents crowd upon us as we write, but we are reminded that we have already occupied our allotted space, and must reserve further reminiscences for future communications.

EDWARD WIGGIN.
Mayville Centre, Aug. 26.

For the Maine Farmer.

Field Meeting.

It was a saying among the Romans "that all roads lead to Rome." If the roads of Piscataquis county all met center at the home of Bevier and Sister Allen, in Sebec, Thursday, Aug. 22d, a good company of grangers from different parts of the County did, and held a very pleasant field meeting. The day was fine, and the ride over the Sebec hills stirring to body and mind. The prospect on either hand as well as while along the highway, was continually changing, affording pleasant, fertile farms to rough, neglected, impoverished acres, interspersed with patches of woodland, and cool inviting groves crowning the hills or nestling in the valleys. The pleasant farm buildings, many of the farms adorned with shade trees, twining vines and bright cheery flowers, were too frequently sandwiched with abandoned homes, with doors and windows boarded up enough to hide their utter loneliness from the world; the bowing walls and tottering fences, and rank weeds intensifying the desolation. These contrasting scenes suggested many trains of thought and many questions yet unanswered. But, now, behold the Sebec valley, with its magnificent glimpses of a long white lake, and platform arranged for singers and speakers, and just beyond a farmhouse, and Sister Downs in the dooryard with welcome beaming on her countenance. Fraternal greetings, the renewal of old friendships and the forming of new ones, with pleasant converse on matters concerning our homes and the good our various locations in life, occupied the hours until the noontime. The bountifully laden table, with nature's green beneath and above, and the pure air of the hills to breathe, was a feast. We were rounded by grangers and their families, with appetites sharpened by a long morning ride, and wit and sentiment quickened by the pleasant greetings. Only such as Grangers do not live to eat, but eat to live. The interchange of courtesies, pleasantries and samples of cookery are all educative. Mother Nature furnishes much food for observation, bringing out the generous, lively traits of human nature. Life looks brighter, and the hand of faith is more readily lifted toward God after a good eating together. Dinner over, the musical brothers and sisters entertained us for a time, a son of Bro. Downs rendering several selections very nicely. Bros. Edwin Dow, D. L. Leland, Wm. Downs and W. E. Leland, and Sisters Huldah Hewett and L. J. Hobbs followed with some very practical remarks. Bro. Dow gave the history of the first grange movement in the county, giving Bro. Downs the honor of moving first in the matter, and of having the first grange organized in an upper chamber of his house.

Bro. Downs has 400 acres in his farm. The hay (75 tons) and most of the grain were harvested at the time of our meeting, and the potatoes were being dug, and looked well. The fields were clean and thrifty. The five-acre field of corn promises well. We were shown one acre of corn planted on poor sand soil, manured with hen manure, the object being to test the relative value of the chemicals. We hope when the experiment is concluded that Bro. Downs will give the result to the public. A herd of fat cows are kept on the place, the cream being sold. Bro. D. is convinced that good cows well fed, with hogs to take the skimmed milk, and plenty of dry muck to absorb the liquids and keep cellars an absorbent, is the surest way of increasing the fertility of the soil. Several excavations have been made on the farm, and large heaps of rich muck taken therefrom and covered. A similar method is employed to dispose of stone wall when in the way. In one instance a ditch was dug beside a wall dividing a large field, the rocks thrown into it, and covered smoothly with soil. In another place a ditch 10 feet wide and 30 rods long was filled with large rocks and an ordinary double wall built above them, the rocks being covered with earth to the sides of the wall. Desiring to get rid of a roadside wall Bro. D. had a ditch dug, the wall rolled into it, and the rocks thrown into the road only disposing of the rock but draining the highway and the adjoining field. During our walk about the farm Bro. D. brought out many points of interest, speaking freely of successes and failures and the instructions to be gathered from them. There are evidences all about the place of the co-operation of brain and muscle. The smooth, productive, well-kept fields and clean fence and roadsides, are a standing rebuke to shiftlessness and indifference in cultivating and caring for a farm. Bro. and Sister Downs have labored long and faithfully in tilling their acres, and have accomplished a work that will long outlast them, and prove a blessing to coming generations. We would gladly have lingered to listen to the conversation of one with so long an experience, and so enthusiastic in matters pertaining to farming as our host, but the waning day forbade, and we rode away, if Bro. Downs will pardon the simile, regards of host and hostess lingering with us, and the long rays of the setting sun touching with indiscribable beauty rugged hills, verdant fields, dusky woods, and even the rocky roadsides, with the tangled masses of shrubbery and wild flowers, and the much discussed golden rod rearing its feathery crown with becoming dignity.

MRS. C. J. HERRING.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Annual Fair of Gray Park Association, Gray Corner.

Determined not to get left this year, the managers of the Gray Park Association determined to lead the hosts, and hold their exhibition in advance of any in the State. Fortunately for them, the last week was all that could be desired, and with the interest in northern and eastern Cumberland, the success was assured. It is safe to say to expect full exhibits in farm products, and in this respect all our leading fairs seem to be drifting away from the real object in the minds of those who originated these annual fairs. Corn and potatoes are not yet developed, and only a portion of the grain crops has been secured, the potatoes are not yet dug, and a fair in August can give no adequate idea of the quality of the roots, tubers and bulbs of the farms. These must of necessity be stock exhibitions, and here we find the Gray Association especially strong. Among the most interesting exhibits in the live stock department was the fine collection of poultry, embracing 10 varieties; Elmer Frank's, of 11 varieties, including a trio of muffo top creeper chicks, which are the wonder of the show. Mr. Benson exhibits seven sheep and eleven lambs, and Lewis Morse a fine Southdown buck. In the swine department Andrew Allen carries off the honors with 11 specimens.

A notable feature in this department was the early arrival of Falmouth's string of steers, led in point of size by Mr. Robert Leighton's bossies, girthing some 8 feet and 7 feet 8 inches, respectively. Included in the string, and Mr. S. Huston's Durhams, girthing over 8 feet, were by no means to be winked out of sight. Another heavy pair belonged to Mr. Libby, 7 feet, 9 inches, and as fat as butter balls.

Gray stretched out nine pair of oxen and a good steer team. Superintendent of Grounds Haskell's four big Durhams and grade Hereford steers, the latter girthing 8 feet and 7 feet 8 inches, respectively.

O. S. Higgins has a fine pair of heavy grizzly faces, measuring 7 feet, 6 inches.

Joseph McDonald's Durham steers led the latter; girth 7 feet, 5 inches.

W. H. Vinton owned the next pair, 7 feet, 3 inches.

Then came Albert Small's grizzlies, over 7 feet.

M. C. Morrill has a pair of 7 footers and a pair of steers leading the line.

The "Springdale Farm," East Gray, always makes a fine exhibit of stock at the Gray Park fair, and this year its herd numbers over 20 head. This farm was formerly run by the Merrill Brothers, three enterprising young men. This year Mr. George Merrill has charge, and runs the farm alone. Thoroughbred Jerseys, Holsteins, and White Chester swine are the specialties of "Springdale Farm."

Superintendent of the cattle department, O. S. Higgins, Esq., is an enthusiastic admirer of the Holsteins, and breeds this fine strain of stock with good results. His exhibit comprised a large number of animals, and was a fine feature of the show in point of the stock department. His 2 years old bull Gray Champion 6447, is a magnificent animal, one of the best to be found in the State, while his cows and heifers, both full blood and high grade, are exceptionally fine.

A pair of matched three-year-olds were shown by J. C. Benson, girth strong six feet. Leading them were Jed Libby's black grade Durham 6447, in two-year-olds, 6 feet, 5 inches, well matched.

Charles E. Libby has the next, a pair of three-year-olds, girth 6 feet, 6 inches, red, and well matched. The next three pair of steers belong to Mrs. Libby, two pairs of two-year-olds and a pair of yearlings.

N. Potter, North Yarmouth, had a pair of handsome line backs and white faces, nearly perfectly matched, a fancy two-year pair.

The "Lake View Farm" exhibit, West Gloucester, T. M. Merrill, proprietor, made a good showing. Mr. Merrill's stock consists of 15 head, headed by A. J. C. G. stock. In the exhibit are included two bulls, at the head of the herd being the St. Lambert bull, Buffer's Son, four years old, sired by Buffer of St. Lambert. The other bull is a young fellow bred by Mr. Merrill, and sired by his older bull, Buffer's Son.

The cows in the herd are Silky Sheldon by Sheldon of St. Lambert; Sadowa by Great Ado; Party Pogis by Glen Pogis; Frances C. Sheldon by Sheldon of St. Lambert.

Among the heifers one Freda Sheldon by Sheldon of St. Lambert; Belle of Lake View, bred by Mr. Merrill and sired by his bull Buffer's Son. Five handsome yearling heifers stand in line, and make a pretty showing to those who admire first class Jersey stock.

G. H. Hill of Windham, makes a good show of Jersey stock. Four valuable cows and a bull calf were in this exhibit.

A good looking two-year-old Jersey heifer was shown by H. L. Morse, Gray.

Scammon Fogg, Gray, is the owner of a fine two-year-old Jersey bull and several heifers. Three of the latter, with the bull, were on exhibition.

Peter Robinson, Gray, had seven animals in his exhibit, a Jersey cow, a grade two-year-old heifer, and five young animals.

Swine—Charles C. Hall, Gray, exhibited five specimens of Chester white swine in a sow and 7 nice pigs.

Geo. E. Merrill of "Springdale Farm," had a Chester boar, also one pig seven weeks old.

Andrew Allen, Gray, who always exhibits good swine, has this year a sow and pigs and a large boar, and both pens bore the society's first premium card.

J. T. and W. S. Merrill had on exhibition four handsome specimens of white Chester fat hogs.

Sheep and Lambs—J. C. Benson, Gray, had two pens of sheep and lambs, 7 of the former and 11 of the latter.

Josiah Allen had four handsome ewes, and Lewis Morse one South Down buck lamb which drew a first prize.

Among the Colts—The large number of colts and horses on exhibition shows the interest taken in horse raising. A few of the good ones seen are noted.

Scammon Fogg, Gray, has a colt by Starlight, son of Eclair, a handsome 3-months stud colt out of a large, rangy Hambletonian mare.

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Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 5, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.50 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. G. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. J. M. BLAIR is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. F. W. COLBY is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

MR. H. L. LELAND of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

The Bar Harbor travel on the Maine Central for August, was six hundred ahead of last year.

Mr. Nelson has sold the famous trotter Aubine to parties in the Middle States for the neat little sum of $14,000.

The Wednesday evening meeting at the State Fair, will be addressed by Mr. W. W. Rawson, of Boston. Subject, "Market Gardening."

The American people pay very nearly, if not quite $25,000,000 a year for baking powder; that the cost to the manufacturers is less than a third of that amount, does not render the statement less interesting.

The Governor, his staff and executive council, have decided to accompany Gen. Beal's party on the Gettysburg trip. The party will be gone nearly two weeks, going beyond Gettysburg and visiting numerous battlefields and the national capital.

The Aroostook papers and people are rejoicing over the assurance that now the Aroostook railroad will be built. A new era of business prosperity will dawn upon the county with the building of the road, and a new stimulus will be given to the growth in population.

Vermont people are congratulating themselves over their horse show, which occurred at Rutland last week. Thousands have been in attendance. The universal verdict has been that Vermont stands first in the breeding of handsome horses, and that the exhibition of horseflesh last week is the best one ever made in that State.

Mr. O. P. Robbins of Riverside, brings into this office a curiosity in the shape of a hybrid product. It was planted for a cabbage, but is a cross between that and a cauliflower, the stalk being surrounded by twenty small cabbages. Mr. Robbins believes fully that farming pays. This season from one-half barrel's planting of peas, he sold 46 bushels for $1.00 per bushel.

Gov. Burleigh has appointed Judge A. R. Savage of Auburn, Judge O. G. Hall of Waterville, and Gen. Samuel J. Anderson of Portland, as commissioners to inquire into the system of taxation in the State, and revise the tax laws of the State. Their work will be a most important one, and it is to be hoped that a new plan may be devised by which a vast amount of property now escaping taxation may be unearthed to the assessors.

The junction of the Canadian & Pacific, and the Katahdin Iron Works roads at North Brownville is a busy place. The name of Henderson has been given this growing place. A new post office with the name of Henderson post office has been established. Some twenty buildings have been or are in process of erection. A town has been lotted out with wide streets, and lots are in quick demand. Machine shops are being erected by the C. P. R. R. and all the work of the company will be done at that place.

At the national Grand Army meeting at Milwaukee, Wis., Gen. Russell A. Alger was elected Commander-in Chief by acclamation. Col. A. G. Weissert of Milwaukee was elected senior vice commander, and John F. Lauvis of New Jersey junior vice commander. The Veteran Signal Corps elected Gen. J. B. Foraker President and voted to meet next year in Boston. The President's report of the women's Relief Corps shows $54,479 expended last year. The encampment was a grand and patriotic success.

The produce dealers of Boston, says the Transcript, seem to believe that the stories concerning extensive rot among potato crop are exaggerated. It is true that the crops of Massachusetts and Connecticut are in a bad way, because of continued rains, but the crops in Maine and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are said to be getting along finely. It is not believed by at least one large dealer that prices will be affected by the damage to the crops, as it will be easy to get potatoes in Scotland, from which place the freight is low. The starch manufacturers are watching the crops with interest.

The annual State Fair at Lewiston will be held Sept. 10—13. At a meeting of the Trustees last week final arrangements were made and everything will be in readiness for entertaining the crowd which is bound to come if the weather will let them. Large premiums are offered in all classes, the trotting purses alone being over $4,000, and other departments in proportion. The best cattle, horses, crops, articles, and men and women that Maine can raise will be on exhibition. Admission 50 cts. Reserved seats on grand stand 35 cts. on sale by treasurer, C. F. Briggs, Auburn, after Sept. 1. Stock and articles carried free on railroads, and half-fare excursion tickets over all railroads for the week.

Colonel Ingersoll's address at the funeral of his friend, the late Horace Seaver, on Sunday, in Boston, says the Philadelphia *Press*, was eloquent and beautiful, but there was no perfume in the flowers of its rhetoric,no warmth in the rays of its brilliancy, no comfort in its awkward philosophy. It was an apotheosis of the doctrines of Doubt, an exaltation of the creed of Nothingness, containing neither sympathy nor hope, promising nothing, believing nothing, hoping for nothing to the dead or living. It was a fervid rhetorical outline of the strange, empty religion which begins with an *if* and ends with a But—the religion of scarf-bosomful ignorance and indifference, which has Doubt for its spirit and intellectual husks for its sustenance.

The removal by Vermont farmers from lands which have been owned by them or their ancestors for many years is not in all instances because of poorness of soil, or in. ability to make a living by cultivating it. They have made money enough to live on in comfort and ease in the neighboring villages, the young folks do not care to stay at home, having been educated at college or high school, and they sell out, and move away. The purchaser is often a neighboring farmer who has prospered, and using machinery now cultivates two farms, leaving the old buildings on one of them unoccupied, and giving an appearance of decay to the neighborhood. This is the case in Maine. Many farms have been bought and consolidated, and while the number of buildings may be less, the thrift is greater.

A very prosperous and successful State Muster closed on Friday afternoon, when the soldier boys marched gally out of Camp Burleigh, and took the cars for home. It is the general testimony that for proficency in general camp duties and good discipline, the militia this year broke the record of any militia encampment ever held in Maine. The recent investigation into the affairs of the militia had a good effect on both officers and privates. The winners of the prizes in the company team matches shot during muster were: First Regiment, first prize, Company G, Biddeford, score, 190; second prize Company F, Augusta, 163; third prize, Company D, Norway, 153. Second Regiment, first prize, Company C, Dexter, 196; second prize, Company E, Skowhegan, 193; third prize, Company B, Lewiston, 160. The officer's gold badge for which the members of the Governor's and Brigade staffs competed, was won by Quartermaster Sergeant L. A. Moore, recently of Augusta.

ITS AIM AND OBJECT. The *Maine Farmer* seeks in every legitimate way to illustrate and exemplify its glorious and ever abiding motto, "*Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.*" The editors and managers have always relied for support upon a kind and beneficent Providence and the farmers of Maine, and this reliance has never, as yet, been misplaced; and to both we are under great obligations. In beginning the fall campaign, just now as the fruitful harvests are being gathered in, we propose to renew our labors and exertions to place before our readers, in these broad pages, matter connected with their business which shall be of practical service to them in that business. We shall use every means in our power, not only to "keep up with the times," as the saying is, but to keep our readers along also, and to aid them in every way to grasp all the new current knowledge of the day, touching not only agriculture and industrial subjects, but on all other matters of home and family interest that shall come to the diligent seeker after the same.

To thus keep abreast of the times requires increased expenditure of money and of time. To meet these increased expenses, we have faith that our brethren and patrons will be very willing to continue their help, not only by a continuance of their subscriptions, but by influencing their friends and neighbors, who have been profuse in their good words for the *Farmer*, but who have not yet found it convenient to give us that material aid so necessary to publishers. This faith has heretofore been responded to in an encouraging degree. An increasing faith in the accomplishment of the high purposes which all the friends of agricultural improvement aim at and desire, stimulates and sustains us in our labors. Enough much remains to be done, it is cheering and encouraging to realize that good progress has been made. Our careful readers have become informed of what is needed to render the pursuits of agriculture more profitable, and their toil more effective. They find that the laws of chemistry, of physiology and mechanical philosphy are all called into action in the different departments of their profession, and the discussion now with them is, how shall the known laws be best applied to our advantage? How shall they most economically and permanently be made known to others? How shall the laws, hitherto undiscovered, be developed?

Patient labor, untiring research, and continued investigation are required, and an adoption of the best methods of putting these requisites into productive action; is a great desideratum of the present day, among the productive classes. Agricultural papers and publications are the main machinery for doing this. The *Maine Farmer* is the record book as well as the guide for the farmers of Maine. It not only heralds the facts in agriculture, but mirrors the leading and important events of the day, enters the field of literature and gives the best thoughts of the best minds, and in short, furnishes to its patrons a complete newspaper for the home and fireside, inspired by Maine ideas, and having an abiding faith in Maine men and Maine resources.

COL. BRIGHAM AT FRYEBURG. The meeting to be addressed by Col. J. H. Brigham of Ohio, Master of the National Grange, was held in the spacious auditorium of the Fryeburg Academy, on Friday, July 31st. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the farmers from many surrounding towns began to gather at an early hour and when the time arrived for the addresses, there was a goodly number present. The auditorium was well filled, there being about five hundred present. As Col. Brigham, accompanied by ex-Gov. Robie, entered the building, they were greeted with hearty applause, which continued until they were seated. The meeting was opened by a song from the Grange choir, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Davis, after which Miss Hattie Pike sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Gov. Robie was then introduced, and spoke at some length in his happiest vein. He said he had been introduced to this meeting as Master of the Maine State Grange, and I wish to say to you that although I have held many honorable positions, I am never prouder than I am of the honor conferred on me as Master of the Maine State Grange." He then spoke of the general questions to be considered by farmers, and the outlook for all who are upon our farms, declaring that the Grange, by its organized effort, was doing much to relieve farmers of many burdens that now weigh unjustly upon them, and to place them where they belong, in the very front rank among the citizens of this State. He was ready to acknowledge that his farm did not always pay as it should, but thought there were many reasons for this. Some things were now assuming their proper places, and the farmer was coming to the front, he had faith to believe that this state of things would cease, and the producer would come to demand and receive a fair compensation for the products of the soil, without which there could be no life. He spoke of the position held by woman in the grange, as man's equal in all respects, and said she had the advantage of him as far as office was concerned, as there were none within the grange but that she might reach, even to Master of the State or National Grange, while there were four offices that could not be filled by man. The value of home and its associations was touched upon, showing that there was a value beyond the mere dollars invested in our farms—the many familiar forms and places upon the old homestead, that have value beyond comparison, and which will flourish in memory's casket as long as life shall last.

After another song by the choir, the speaker of the day was introduced by Gov. Robie, and spoke in part as follows: "I assure you I appreciate the reception I have received here to-day, and wish to remind you that these beautiful decorations in this building, these flowers, this fruit, and these arches and baskets which show so much taste and care in their preparation, do not pass unnoticed by me. They are appreciated, and will be remembered." Then the work of the grange was reviewed in a very able manner, its purposes thoroughly explained, and its objects and work fully brought forward. In the history of the grange, its influence for peace, for mutual help and coöperation, its teachings, that lead to a higher life and more noble achievements, were fully explained. The speaker said he was glad to note that his predecessor in office was a colonel in the Confederate army, and that each could stood in the ranks of the opposite army, and faced him as a foe during the war, when the dove of peace spread its white wings over the land, and the armies were disbanded, they met in the grange as brothers, and grasped each other's hand in token of forgetfulness of the past, and as a pledge that hereafter they were to live in the present day, and let each beautiful sentiment of our Declaration of Purposes teach them that all men were brothers. The speaker dwelt at some length upon the social work of the grange, also its educational features, claiming that the pecuniary benefits to be derived, although they were an object worth our careful attention, were secondary to the social and educational features. The necessity for coöperation among farmers was so fully proven that the speaker deemed it unnecessary to dwell upon it. The speaker was listened to with close attention, and was frequently interrupted by applause. After the close of the address, the choir sang a song, a vote of thanks was tendered the ladies for their beautiful and artistic decorations, to the choir for its excellent music, and to Miss Pike for her carefully selected and choice songs; then Miss Pike sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the meeting was dismissed with a benediction, after which a general handshaking and chat was indulged in, all of the patrons and many others taking the opportunity to grasp the hands of the Worthy State and National Masters. The people then dispersed, feeling that it was good for them to have been there, wishing Bro. Brigham God-speed in the work for which he is so admirably fitted, and hoping for a speedy return of a gathering that would mean as much to them as did this one.

Fryeburg, Sept. 2d.

Col. Brigham, the Worthy Master of the National Grange, has arrived in Maine, and will receive a cordial welcome from the farmers of the State. We publish an abstract of his address at Fryeburg, where he was held a most enthusiastic meeting. Col. Brigham is a Western man an ex-Union soldier, and yet a very popular man down South, and with the grangers who live south of Mason and Dixon's line. In fact he received in the National Grange the votes of the Southern delegates, and owed his election largely to their support. He is a man to be remembered if once seen. He is a good six inches above six feet, and not over and above fleshy considering his inches.

The seizure of several American vessels is reported in Behring sea, and still the Rush is rushing.

Gen. O. O. Howard addressed the Veterans of Custer Post, in Lewiston, Monday evening, and was warmly received.

EASTERN MAINE FAIR. The Eastern Maine Fair opened at Maplewood Park, Bangor, Tuesday, Sept. 3, under highly favoring circumstances in every respect. The weather, both for preparation and for the opening, was all that could be desired, and left no place for uncertainties; the public were interested, the entries were full in every department, the people were all ready to go to a fair, and everything at the Park was ready for them and for the exhibits. Every stable, stall and pen on the grounds was occupied. The improvements at the Park made during the summer, on the track and in grading, have been great, and now become more apparent on being put to use, and with the extensive fixtures with which it is furnished, render the Park one of the best arranged and most complete in outfit to be found in New England. The whole enterprise is a credit to its projectors, and an honor to eastern Maine.

The stock trains arrived on Monday in good time, and all the stock went to the stalls to which they had been assigned promptly and without any of those entangling perplexities which formerly were so frequently encountered, in the absence of the better system now established. So much comes from having the entries close a week ahead of the opening of the fair. The entry books were in charge of Mr. Geo. H. Emerson, who for several years has been so well known as head clerk at the State Fair, and to whom is largely due the credit of the system and order established in the entry department at that fair. Mr. Emerson has brought the same methodic order to his work here. The cattle department is in charge of Mr. Elijah Smith of Bangor, with Mr. J. E. Shaw as assistant, who for several years previous has been in charge of the same work, and who by his quiet and obliging way of dealing puts labor to all, has many friends among the exhibitors at this fair. The horse department, which here maintains its full measure of importance, is in charge of Col. E. H. Greeley of Ellsworth, who is thoroughly familiar with the important duties devolving upon him. With such men as these in the several departments, everything goes on pleasantly, promptly, and without friction or discord.

Our report of the fair in this issue covers the work to Wednesday noon. Tuesday was nothing more than a day of preparation, with the exception of the race in the afternoon, reported in another column. The work of the several committees and expert judges was not entered upon till the morning of the second day, when it was pushed vigorously, and in the main turned off promptly. The official list of awards will appear in full in our next issue.

The extent of the exhibits, with a comparison with former years, will appear by the following tabulation:

CATTLE.

	1889	1888	1887	1886	1885	1884
Jerseys	109	91	114	122	100	100
Herefords	34	69	81	95	133	54
Shorthorns	31	24	66	77	117	58
Galloways	16	46	51	20	35	8
Guernseys	1	11	6	7	8	
Ayrshires	7	16	11	35	9	6
Devons		15	6	5		
Sussex	13	18	19	13	15	7
Polled Angus		188			3	
Oxen and steers	106	104	20	220	360	246
Grades	54	37	20			
Total cattle	415	533	535	575	898	479

SHEEP.

	1889	1888	1887	1886	1885	1884
Southdowns	38	26	30	30	44	27
Shropshires	38	20	36	19	33	42
Cotswold	3	27			35	21
Oxford						9
Leicester	19	10				13
Merino	97	111	60	41		95
Oxfordowns	17	27	24	36		24
Dorset	6	6	15	6	9	
Hampshires	24					
Suffolk	7					
Grades and fat	95	30	53			
Total sheep	306	263	211	146	253	244

SWINE.

	1889	1888	1887	1886	1885	1884
Poland China	5	11	15	39	25	39
Berkshire					16	7
Jersey Reds	17	9	11	26	37	19
Yorkshire	9		5	16	7	26
Chester White						3
Cheshire						8
Mixed Chesters	85	22	36	48	39	10
Grades						
Total swine	119	35	70	137	131	173

POULTRY.

Number of coops	325	281	299	425	330	170

HORSES.

Including exhibition and trotters	276	267	300	309	365	262

JERSEYS.

Evidently dairy stock is taking the lead at this fair, as well might be expected in view of the depressed condition of the beef interest. People properly concentrate their interest in stock matters where there is the most money, and just now beef is obliged under this regime to take second position. Of the dairy stock, the Jerseys this year take the lead in numbers and appear on the ground with full ranks. In both registers and grades the herds present, with the numerous contributions of smaller numbers, and not an inferior animal to be found among them all.

H. S. Cobb of Mt. Pleasant Farm, So. Vassalboro, the former home of the celebrated Hereford breeder, J. S. Hawes, now of Colony, Kansas, has a herd of 17 head of Cattle Club Jerseys, headed by the 5 year old bull, Sir Florian, 7,000, imported by T. S. Cooper and sold at the Kellogg sale in New York, color fawn with dark points. Two year old bulls are Ozi Florian and Stoke Pogis 3d, both by Sir Florian. The cow Lily of Leeds, 17,059 has a butter record of 14 lbs., 9 oz. in 7 days to her credit. Doris C., 33,491, is a cow that has always won first prize wherever shown, and is now in calf to Sir Hugo and State shows. Three 2 year old heifers, three yearling heifers and 2 heifer calves, two of which are of Mary Anne of St. Lambert blood. A Cobb Club of nine heifers, descended from this stock, and his success is but the result of care and judgment in the selection of stock.

The next herd of Cattle Club is the exhibit of T. M. Merrill of Shoreview Farm, West Gloucester, which counts up 14 head and he has as the leading bull a 4 year old called Buffer's Son, 21,161, a solid dark color, got by Buffer of St. Lambert. The 2 year old bull Jolly Boy 3d, 20,772, is a fine looking animal, color light fawn with dark points, sire Bijou's Hugo, 13,662, dam Susado, 26,780. The cow Sadown, by Shelden's Son, 66, of St. Lambert now are among the best specimens. Ada May is also a finely pointed 11 months calf by Corporal Broadvale.

Fryeburg Grove Farm, Auburn, B. F. & F. H. Briggs, is a large exhibit and in fine show condition. Fauntleroy, 21,455, a nice pointed bull 2 years of age, solid dark color. The large cows Rhene Dene by Rex of Broadmoor, and Nymph of Maple Grove by Great Ado. There are also Molly Fogis by Glen Fogis, Fantasia Rex and Maira by Rex of Broadmoor, Blonde Belle and Hamlet by Kathleen's son are among the best looking of the exhibit, and there are also 2 heifer calves of equally good quality by Fauntleroy.

C. A. Gassett, Lewiston, has the 5 year old bull Hoboken Chief, an animal from Dr. Day's farm at Monmouth, lately disposed of with his entire stock.

S. M. King of Kingsleside Farm, South Paris, has a herd of Jerseys, mostly of Cattle Club registry. The bull which leads the herd is the 2 year old Temptress' Fogis Chief, a grandson of Stoke Pogis 3d. He is solid color, a fine animal of a certainty. There are also 2 bull calves, one year of age, Shelcffie by Sheldon's Son, Chas. S. Fogis by Ella's Stoke Fogis, and the 9 months bull calf Mountain View Pedro, a solid dark color grandson of Beau Pedro, son of Pedro. The cow Effie Pedro, light fawn, is considered the finest cow of the herd, and Charlene Sheldon, a golden fawn 3 year old heifer by Sheldon's Son, Lambert. Drop Drop is an 8 year old cow, light fawn and white. There are also several nice heifers and calves which we would be glad to mention did space permit. Mr. King is one of the best read of Jersey dairymen, and the tabulated pedigree of each animal which hangs at his stalls are a convenience which the reporters and fair goers in general will find to like to appreciate. Mr. King also has of Maine State Jerseys the 5 year old cow Rexyl, and the 1 year old heifer Queen Bee, and a heifer calf out of Rexyl.

C. E. Wheeler, Fairview Homestead, Chesterville, has here 8 head of Maine State Jerseys, headed by the 3 year old bull Pappy Albert, by Sir Florian and out of Ocha, a solid color with full black points. Faith, 13 years, has a butter record of 18 lbs., 14 oz. butter in 7 days. The 3 year old heifer Regina Guilford, by Sir Florian, E. Wheeler's principal lbs., 11 oz. in one week. Susie Hugo is a 2 year old heifer, bred at Broadmoor Farm, Cumberland. She is considered one of the most promising of the herd, by Bijeni Hugo, dam Superb Susado. There are also the 1 year old Albert's Maid, two heifer calves, and a bull calf Nectar of St. Lambert, by Sheldon of St. Lambert, dam Susie Hugo, solid color. Mr. Wheeler is the principal breeder of Jerseys in Franklin county, and is progressive and wide awake to the improvement of blood.

B. F. & A. C. True of Litchfield, have 13 head of the Maine State Jerseys. The 2 year old bulls Patron of Husbandry and Young Granger by Granger. They also show the bull calf, True's Stoke Pogis, possessing 75 per cent. of the blood of Mary Anne of St. Lambert by Ella's Stoke Pogis, dam Garenne Pogis, solid dark color, bred by B. B. Locke, South Paris. The 2 year old heifer Lady Granger has always won first prize wherever shown. One cow in the herd has made 13 oz./butter per day when but six weeks from the time of calving. There are also other creditable animals, and all of the stock is large size and of good form.

C. M. Stevenson, Simpson's Corner, 1 cow, a heifer 1 year old, and 1 calf of Maine State Registry and 1 grade cow, all good animals.

G. A. Garland, Bangor, has 7 animals of Maine State Jersey stock. Prince, 2,772, is a fine looking animal, color light fawn with dark points, sire Bijou's Hugo, 13,662, dam Susado, 26,780. The cow Sadown, by Sheldon's Son, 66, of St. Lambert now are among the best specimens. Ada May is also a finely pointed 11 months calf by Corporal Broadvale.

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G. A. Garland, Bangor, has 7 animals of Maine State Jersey stock. Prince, 2,772, a 2 year old bull, sired by Uncle Koffee, and cow Maggie, 709, the noted Moraity cow. There are also two cows and other good looking stock among the number.

HEREFORDS.

The Herefords the favorite beef herd of Maine, are shown in herds by E. A. Bailey of Lakeview Farm, Winthrop Centre, and H. C. Burleigh of Wassalboro.

Mr. Bailey's herd is well known throughout Maine and New England, as winner of first prizes at the various shows and fairs of this section of the country. The herd is led by the symmetrical bull Grove Wilton, 28853, who, as his name indicates, the blood of the noted bulls the Grove 3d and Lord Wilton. Grove Wilton is 3 years of age, girts 7 feet 6 inches and weighs 1850 lbs. and his stock of which Mr. Bailey this year has his first calves is showing finely. The cow Modest Mary is one of the best of the Lakeview herd and ranks up in her solid color. She has been a first prize winner wherever shown. Among the other fine cows is Pearl, a fine looking animal, and one of the oldest cows in the lot, and a producer of nice stock. The other cows of the Mary family are Honest Mary, Highland Mary and Marigold. Graceful Mary is one of the handsomest 2 years old heifers ever shown in Maine, 6 feet, 6 ins. in girth, and as "fine as silk" in make-up. Lakeview Mary, a nice yearling heifer, and Successful Mary, same age, occupy a pen. Two large heifer calves are by Boaz, out of Modest Mary and Pearl, are named Delightful Mary and Naomi. Lady Wilton is a fancy little lady, the get of Grove Wilton. Jachin is a yearling bull by Boaz, 5 ft. 9 in., and one that has improved greatly since we saw him last winter. Burgess Boy is a good looking bull calf, bred by Mr. Burgess of Wayne, whose thoroughbred Herefords Mr. Bailey purchased last May. Lakeview Wilton is an elegantly formed bull calf by Grove Wilton, smooth and thick. The owner was so unfortunate as to lose his dam Queen Mary this season. She was a great stock, as of this her three calves the bull just mentioned, and Lakeview Mary and Graceful Mary, and her two year old heifers, abundantly demonstrate.

Mr. Burleigh has the old bull Hero, an excellent stock getter, a solid animal of 2000 lbs. weight. Grove 15th, a 6 ft. 2 in., year old bull by Hero, and out of a dam by the Grove 3d, and two bull calves also by Hero. Two 2 years old heifers, with a young heifer which is very highly prized, being by Hero and dam Rhoda Ann, and a heifer calf, full sister to the above, with a year old heifer entered in the class of fat cattle, complete the Hereford list.

The showing of Polled Angus is not nearly up to former exhibitions, but probably is not owing to any reduction in numbers of this breed of stock in the State at large, but to an ebb tide of interest in showing stock, which sometimes is met among breeders without any apparent cause.

Poultry.

No State, county, or town exhibition would be complete to-day without its poultry department. The past ten years have witnessed a marked improvement in the character of the stock shown and the attention it receives. Now the managers feel it necessary to provide in numbers, a superintendent to oversee the stock, and and an expert judge to pass upon the same.

The poultry at our State fairs is a noticeable part of the exhibition, both from its magnitude and character. Here one may find all the leading classes and varieties in close excellence and be able to measure the value of each by comparison.

The officers of the Eastern State Society have this year placed the large agricultural ware house building, formerly occupied by Hon. Fred Atwood, at disposal of the poultry men, and Supt. Osborne in charge as formerly, everything has been attended to promptly and in order. The classes are well arranged, and in passing the building, one gets a good, but idea of the magnitude of this exhibit where 325 coops are massed together. To the surprise of all, the ducks predominate, and of these there are 96 pairs, while of geese only 13, and turkeys 18. Of the other leading varieties one notes: Wyandottes 31, Plymouth Rocks, both varieties, 18, (a great falling off in this popular variety); Brahmas 11, Hamburgs 35, Lagoorna all varieties, 47, Polish 13, Bantums 41, Games 13, the balance being made up of a few coops of each of the many breeds kept. In fact and another year this exhibit is full as good as any, but we miss the substantial breeds which have always been out in full force. The fever for duck raising seems to monopolize the attention, and other fowls are shut out in the very hand. This is good but the old, reliable breeds should not be neglected. Their places will not be filled by some of the new breeds coming in. The premium list which we shall publish next week will tell the story of who exhibited.

Horse.

Another year, with its many changes, has gone, and the stall doors on the exhibition grounds have again creaked on their hinges to admit the pick of the herds to enter. To one not accustomed to visiting these yearly fairs, it would naturally seem that the stock shown year after year, would be very much the same, but the reverse is the case. Every year at the fair, new and fresh blood is brought out for inspection. A few old standbys remain, but a large per cent. of the exhibitors are new men, and this per cent. of new blood is astonishingly large.

The past year has been an eventful one in this department. The character of Maine horses has been assured, and the fruits which have the past twelve months been manifest, as buyers from all portions of the country have searched Maine for the pick, to take elsewhere. More than this, the interest in breeding and developing the draft classes, has largely increased since the fairs closed last year, and this is to-day manifest in the increased exhibits. From Aroostook county the most flattering report is received, and colts are multiplying rapidly. The frequent races held and fast time made, has done its part to swell the current, and the necessity to use the horses from a single stable in Maine, have called fresh attention to this feature of our stock interests. If Maine fairs are "all horse," as some declare, it is, and will be, because of the enthusiasm which prevails with this class of breeders. Other classes are not neglected, but they do not present so bold a front, hence our reports must partake largely of horse matters.

One of the most satisfactory features to be noted, is the improved quality of the colts. In no year has this been so noticeable as this, and the average is steadily increasing better feeding, better attention and better breeding. While a large per cent. of the old stock is the same as shown and described before, the colts represent a rising up of the standard of excellence in the dams. It is simply impossible to fully enumerate each and every one, and describe the good points of all. The most that can be done is to give the breeding and indicate the size and general outline of such as we are fortunate enough to see. Exhibitors have yet to learn that open doors are the best advertisement they can make, especially for colts; and will not bother to hunt up owners and unlock doors.

There is another fact which must be recorded, for it means far more than at first may seem possible—that is the growing interest in our stock exhibits by breeders in the adjoining Provinces. They are fast coming to see that our prosperity is theirs, that in the growth of any industry with us, they may be benefitted by joining in the general exhibitions. In no other way can the increased exhibits be accounted for. These breeders are wide awake, intelligent, progressive men, and we welcome right royally welcomed to our exhibitions. They come with open hands, and thus they are received. They have not reached the same degree of prosperity as their fellow breeders, but in the field of the larger draft classes, they surely outrank us. Their exhibits complete the list, and aid materially in balancing the whole.

The Standard bred and roadster stables are not on the ground, being engaged elsewhere, and though this removes the largest single exhibit, yet the smaller ones have come in to fill the gap. The horse standing from the efforts made by Nelson, Dictator Chief and Aubine, on other tracks, is frequently mentioned by the breeders here, and will show in the increased activity in Maine horses in the immediate future.

With this brief survey of the field, let us turn to the stalls and note the stock therein. They are now omitted it will be because they were under lock and key, or their owners could not be found. A little card on the outside of the door would tell a whole story to the inquisitive newspaper man.

One of the largest and best exhibits seen is that of B. F. & F. H. Briggs of Maple Grove farm, Auburn, consisting of the following, numbering 17 hands, and weighing 1600. Mr. B. shows with him a two year old also by Brown Prince, a colt standing 16 hands, and weighing 1330.

Hon. Nelson Lawrence, Fairfield, shows his noted stallion Lawrence, 2.25¾, by Dr. Franklin, and a younger brother, Ticonic, by same horse, two successful stock horses and equally successful on the race course.

Hon. Geo. Bartlett, Jay, has a fine bay stallion, Watchman by Von Moltke, standing 15-3 and weighing 1135. This horse with his stock makes a good showing and substantiates all claims as to merit as a sire.

H. W. Sweetser, Hampden, Watchman Jr., by Watchman, two years old, dam by son of Gen. Knox; a good colt and another colt also by Watchman by same horse.

C. G. Tribou, Camden, bay two year old stallion. Bay Harry, by Watchman, dam English bred mare, a large, strongly built colt, well developed, weighing 1050.

Stacy Burrill, Hermon, bay yearling by Watchman, dam Knox, a well built colt. This show of colts by Watchman are all of them fine, handsome, strongly coupled and possesses good, clean limbs.

Thos. Gallagher, Bangor, shows gray by Gideon, with colt at her side by Orville W., and the mate.

Ralph Pillsbury, Unity, black stallion Frank S., by Dr. Franklin, a blocky strongly built Knox type of a horse, very speedy.

Geo. Pillsbury, Unity, bay stallion Baymont Chief, by Gen. Withers, dam by Gen. Knox, a horse showing the Almont type and promising to be a valuable sire.

Ivory Grant, Bucksport, black stallion Young Hancock, by Hancock, dam a thoroughbred. A horse standing 15-3 and weighing 1100, were put together, fine in action and proving his worth by his colts shown with him. Mr. Grant shows three of these all fine ones, of good size. In fact in glancing over the exhibits there seems to be a gradual improvement in the size of the coming generation of horses. We are getting away from the inferior sized ones of former years, and in this respect are making rapid strides.

Jerry Farnham, Hermon, two colts two and three years old by Gen. Withers Jr., dam Knox, both of size and well developed.

Lester J. Ward, Newburgh Center, bay stallion, Young Harry a three year old, of good marking and promise.

John B. Lowe, Fairfield, four year old gelding, by Edmunds Knox, dam by Winthrop Morrill.

Louis Bickford, Dixmont Centre, makes quite a large showing of choice stock headed by the black stallion Almont Revenge, by Almont Eagle, a dam by Burrell horse. Harcourt by Harbinger, three years old, dam by Waldo Chief, a dark bay well built and Dick West, a very promising black two year old by Col. West, dam by Gilbreth Knox. This colt stands 15-3, weighs 975 and is a rich one.

L. G. M. Johnson, Fort Fairfield, pure bred Clydesdale stallion, Gen. Dexter, standing 17½ hands and weighing 1587. This horse we are glad to learn, is having successful work in Aroostook where his colts are multiplying rapidly. One of these is shown by L. Bathaway, Presque Isle, a three year old known as Lord Nelson, dark bay weighing 1550, a good grade colt.

The Races.

The first day's races were successful in every way, and those in attendance will not soon forget the remarkable performance of Palm, the phenomenal two-year-old. The attendance was not large, but the weather was all that could be desired. Below we give report of races to Tuesday night:

2-YEAR-OLDS.

Seven rich looking two-year-olds came to the wire for the word, and they scored down like old horses. In drawing, they got positions as follows: Lady Ledo, bik m, F. L. Blanchard, Sandy Point; Sea Breeze, b m, W. C. Marshall, Belfast; Lady Lead, blk m, S. B. Marden, Wales; Jennie M., br m, Josiah Fernald, Canaan; Palm, b s, B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn; St

onnty News.

rn of Vienna, was arriage within a few d had his right wrist

of Gardiner, who has neer on the Star, has Kennebec, in place of retired.

n of Oakland, on the n into some cattle on week, and killed two so it had to be killed.

en put into the North , by the starting up

who is employed at South Gardiner, met ccident at that place e was at work at the n he was struck by a ckward on to the left terrible gash in his nches long.

ow good for the build- Central railroad from The final location has d damages have been tory capital guaran- by competent en- leted papers will be commissioners in a

Monday, the follow- ed, approved and al- bey of Vassalboro, of Bath, Executor; Vassalboro, H. A. inton of Vassalboro, dley of Mt. Vernon, t. Vernon, Executrix; of Manchester, Wm. ander and Samuel Titcomb of Augusta, Great interest has s will, as it is under- rd left an estate val- Harriet H. Burgess lamlen of Sidney, ad- ill annexed; Simon Sprague Holt of Ben- ias Drummond of rummond, Executor; Rolph, Hiram Watson or. E. H. W. Smith ointed administrator fe, Sarah H. Smith. ddfield, has been ap- ucy A. Joss of Read- ivey of Sidney, guar- Lillian M., Ethel A., Lottie L., and John

ETING. The August ta Park closed Thurs- crowd. In the 2.45 rawn as follows: n, Pittston. terville. Pickering, Gardiner. ithan, Waterville. aiker, Augusta. A. Stackpole, Gardiner. Bartlett, Belgrade. Vassalboro. astings, Damariscotta. Story, Hallowell. Augusta. ier, Boston.

went to the front on Puritan Knox a close ing in 4 and losing a big lead to the half, cond, the field strung lish the grey gelding e son of Young Rolfe

tter start than these e impossible, and they o the back side where ng goes to the front, ide and bronze who osition, and the race these, with Almont Lady Shaw fighting ly struggling along ck G. were distanced. 2.34¼.

ver good start was she first half proved a went with Lady Shaw ng finely. Baymont Boone, forged ahead not get ahead of the second, but did not to win, but unable to Rolfe. Time, 2.37½. ace was bred by Mr. rfield, and was pur- ame. He is a com- ces.

2.45 CLASS.			
terville	1	1	1
Bos.	8	3	2
gusta	4	2	4
ham.	5	4	3
Pick.	3	5	dis
ford	2	8	dis
Story.	10	6	dis
ordon.	6	9	dis
Stack.	11	7	dis
Faiker.	7	dis	
ngs.	9	dis	
Pitts.	dis		

	3d qr.	mile.
19	1.59	2.38¼
14	1.57	2.36½
19¼	1.54	2.37½

R ALL.

called three gamey ding position as fol-

mare, bred by Geo. d, and by a son of ole. Lawrence owned ce, Fairfield, bred by Gen. Knox, and Elm- old son of Hambleto- G. R. Ellis, Belfast. get the word for the nd the turn together. side, shoving to the third. The struggle the grey mare and d relieved the colt n. The finish was a e two, but the mare ront, and the stallion

roved closer than the Elmbrook set a faster of Dr. Franklin along ence opens a length with Lulu H. and Elm- eel. At the half, the only to yield at the per turn they sweep rattling pace, Law- back for a break and H. in 2.29.

H. breaks and Elm- position to try titles ough holding close hile Lulu H. seemed ble to do much more ce. The finish was a ond and Lawrence, winning by only a

nce opened a length rth heat and holds to , when Lulu H. crept got her nose to the brilliant finish, beat- Elmbrook third. ith heat they got the own, and to the first though the roan stal- , but Lawrence main- a three-quarter pole, ed around both and race in fine manner.

ER FOR ALL.

ference	1	3	1 4
Boston	2	1	2 1
s, Bel.			
	3	3	3 3

16	1.54		2.33½
14	1.51		2.29
15	1.53		2.30¾
14¾	1.53		2.31
19	1.52		2.33

as prevailed through- days and not one arrest on the grounds. The all been active and interests of drivers,

ciation advertises an- they may be sure the see and applaud. We in their gates for an- t of September or the

d by Togus Band was d will worth a visit veral selections were races began and be- audience was richly esence added much to

judges and splendid t at the close of the ever held.

ve been pending for e Sandy river railroad the line to Rangeley, y. This includes an freight and passenger uch a basis that the oad to Rangeley will once. Surveyors will , and as soon as the w miles, contractors It is hoped that the mpleted before the

Jamie Miller, by Fred ph Foster of Canton, the Canton half-mile day, in 3.01¾. The y in 43 seconds. This y time ever made in not a record. C. M.

to take some other ou call for Hood's to get Hood's, which

prompt and positive ness, biliousness, head- side, and all liver tle Pills. Try them.

Items of Maine News.

The Normal School at Farmington op with eighty pupils.

Ricker Classical Institute at Houl opened with a large attendance of stude

Tuesday the Portland police capture gang of crooks, who work at Maine f every year.

Mr. Geo. Judkins of Lewiston, thrown from his carriage Wednesday, broke his hip.

On Tuesday the Odd Fellows of Belf dedicated their new hall with impos ceremonies.

Mr. Parker O. Rogers, a prominent fa er and mill owner of Phipsburg, died th Monday at the age of 89.

Albert Hurd, of Biddeford, a pedler, under arrest for stealing merchandise fr the store of G. W. Sturgis. He arraigned for trial and found over.

The veterans of the Fifteenth Maine w generously entertained by the citizens Presque Isle. A parade, horse trot banquet were in the programme.

First Maine calvary association and ladies' auxiliary will hold their eighte reunion at the Revere House, Boston, Se 17th.

A. W. Coolidge, postmaster and m chant at North Livermore, died last w very suddenly of heart disease. The ceased was widely known in that section

The post office at Round Pond, in Jon store, was entered Monday night, burglars breaking in the rear windo but little was secured.

Cullen Ward, a prominent and esteem citizen and business man of Norridgewo died Monday, of paralysis of the bowe aged about sixty years.

Mrs. M. F. Norton has been appoi postmistress at South Livermore; C. Davis, East Otisfield, resigned; Julia Simpson, Sullivan, vice Alice J. Wils resigned.

Mr. Charles Furbish of Belfast, badly bitten on the wrist by a dog recent Mr. Furbish held the wound over the bl of a tallow candle until the flesh w blistered, and thinks the poison is burn out.

Natie Foster had an encounter with bear on Potter Hill, Waldo. The res was one shot fired by Natie, then they b retired in opposite directions. Ethe Adams had a sheep killed recently by bear.

Edward C. McLaughlin, son of R Henry McLaughlin, of Carmel student at Hampden Academy, was drown while bathing, Saturday evening. He w a bright young man, and had just attain his majority.

Miss Ann Jones, aged 87, died at J Bridge Wednesday. She had been invalid for 70 years, and had been confin to her bed for 60 years. This remarka woman retained all her faculties to the v last.

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The down east blueberry yield is repo ed in Washington county. Messrs. J. & E. A. Wyman of Cherryfield, compelled, on account of the small supp to close their blueberry factory, Frid 17th.

The veterans of the 15th Maine Regi ment will reunion at the Revere House, Boston, Se 17th.

A. W. Coolidge, postmaster and m chant at North Livermore, died last w very suddenly of heart disease. The ceased was widely known in that section

The post office at Round Pond, in Jon store, was entered Monday night, burglars breaking in the rear windo but little was secured.

Cullen Ward, a prominent and esteem citizen and business man of Norridgewo died Monday, of paralysis of the bowe aged about sixty years.

Mrs. M. F. Norton has been appoi postmistress at South Livermore; C. Davis, East Otisfield, resigned; Julia Simpson, Sullivan, vice Alice J. Wils resigned.

Mr. Charles Furbish of Belfast, badly bitten on the wrist by a dog recent Mr. Furbish held the wound over the bl of a tallow candle until the flesh w blistered, and thinks the poison is burn out.

Natie Foster had an encounter with bear on Potter Hill, Waldo. The res was one shot fired by Natie, then they b retired in opposite directions. Ethe Adams had a sheep killed recently by bear.

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The veterans of the Fifteenth Maine w generously entertained by the citizens Presque Isle. A parade, horse trot banquet were in the programme.

First Maine calvary association and ladies' auxiliary will hold their eighte reunion at the Revere House, Boston, Se 17th.

The chief of police at West Springfield, Mass., was on Sunday night shot by John Daley, a hard character, who resisted ar rest.

North China and Japan have been visited by a series of typhoons of unprecedented severity. The lowest estimate is that 5000 persons were drowned.

L. A. Durham and Son, large butter and cheese exporters in Montreal, have absconded, leaving liabilities of $80,000, principally due to farmers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the autocrat of the breakfast table," celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birthday at Beverly Farms, Mass., last Thursday.

Augustine Thompson, manager of the Moxie Nerve Food Company, a physician in Lowell, Mass., has gone into insolvency. He owes about $68,954; about half secured. His assets are light.

A severe shock of earthquake was experienced in Erzerom, India, Sunday. The village of Kantzorick has been engulfed in lava, and one hundred and thirty-six lives lost.

Monday was Labor's holiday, and it was celebrated with great ceremony, especially in Boston and New York. In the latter city, 20,000 men were in line. In Maine, there was a large gathering at Sebago lake.

Dewing Henry, superintendent of the construction of the East River Electric Light Company, New York, was instantly killed Monday, by a shock from a live electric wire in the works of the company. He was an expert electrican engineer.

President Harrison on Tuesday, refused to grant pardons in two cases—Tom Cody of the northern district of Mississippi, convicted of selling liquor without a license, and Thomas Sheldon of Montana, sentenced to ten years in 1883 for mail robbery.

Wednesday, after being shut down sixteen years, the Ironton Pig Iron Works at Buffalo, N. Y., with a capacity of 120 tons of iron per day, located on the Niagara river, was started up by Cincinnati parties who have leased the plant for five years with a privilege of purchase.

Governor Mellette has issued a proclamation, ordering an election by the people of the proposed State of North Dakota for the first Tuesday in October for the usual State and local officers, and the adoption or rejection of prohibition as well as the constitution as a whole.

The President has made the following appointments: John C. Watson, Nebraska, to be attorney for Alaska; Edward Mitchell of New York, to be attorney for the southern district of New York; Wm. Vandevender of Wyoming, to be chief justice; Wheelock G. Veasey of Vermont, to be interstate commissioner.

James M. Newbaker of Sataria, Miss., was assassinated Wednesday night about nine o'clock, being riddled with bullets as he was entering his own house. Newbaker was a proment politician and candidate for the State Legislature before the last county nominating convention. About a year ago an attempt was made to assassinate him.

In the series of yacht races, that terminated at Marblehead, Mass., Thursday, the Scotch cutter Minerva won the Weil cup. His cousin, Harold Marfin, was on board. The start was made at 11.30 from Marblehead rock, the course being triangular, 24 miles in length. The corrected time was:

	H.	M.	S.
Minerva	4	18	04
Chiquita	4	18	04
Papoose	4	22	02
Gorilla	4	22	02
Alice	4	29	29

Chas. W. Smith of Providence, R. I., was the victim of a daring executed highway robbery, about 12 o'clock Saturday noon, in the southern part of the city. Smith was walking through a garden near a strip of woods, but within sight and sound of a dozen dwellings, when a man approached and demanded a dollar. Being refused, he held a revolver close to Smith's arm and fired, making a bad wound, fracturing a bone of the left forearm. Still, said the highwayman took his victim's gold watch and chain and walked off.

Chas. R. Flint, of New York, and ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, West Virginia, were appointed delegates on the part of the United States to the Congress of American nations to meet in Washington in October next, in place of ex-Governor Whyte, of Maryland, and G. Pirtle, of New Orleans. Flint is a native of Maine and 40 years old. He is one of the best known business men in New York, having been engaged for eighteen years in trade with Central and South America. He has also visited all the countries of South America. Davis is well known throughout the country as Senator from West Virginia for twelve years.

At excursion train to Burlington, Vt., from the horse breeders' meeting at Rutland, and a stock train bound south, collided at 8.30 Friday night, four miles north of Burlington, near Brookville. Both engines, one car and part of another of the excursion train, and ten or twelve stock cars loaded with hogs, were wrecked and piled in a heap. Engineer Wm. Lowery of the passenger train was the other locomotive coming round the curve and put on the air brakes, pushed the fireman from the cab and remained with his hand on the lever till the train was stopped. Both cabs of a hero. Besides the engineer, there were two persons killed outright, and a large number injured. The freight train was not running according to orders.

It is generally understood among Mrs. Harrison's personal acquaintances that she has, after mature deliberation, determined to break through the usual custom of promiscuous handshaking upon State occasions and all large public receptions of the coming winter. Both the President and his wife find the custom of handshaking an inconvenience. Mrs. Harrison has expressed a determination to remain at Deer Park until the last of October, as she especially enjoys the mountain scenery in the fall. If she does this, it is probable that she will close the cottage Dec. 1, and be the guest of Senator and Mrs. Davis for the month of her stay. It is stated that the President will not go back to Washington for a permanent stay until October.

A bloody affair occurred in New Orleans, Sunday. An excursion train made up entirely of colored people, had arrived from Baton Rouge. At some personal remark a negro drew a pistol and fired four or five shots in rapid succession, one of which struck a white man in the nose and lodged itself in the back of his neck. The shooting became general, and some four or five hundred shots were fired in less than fifteen minutes. A terrible panic occurred, women and children running in all directions, shouting and screaming. A colored man was shot in the arm, and a colored woman was fatally shot in the back. The cars were fired into, and, a general panic ensued. No one is able to name a single person who witnessed the beginning of the shooting.

Sunday morning, Carlisle D. Graham accomplished the feat of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and coming out alive, much to the surprise of his friends and the people who are familiar with the force of the torrent. It has been the height of Graham's ambition for over three years to go over the falls. About one hundred persons were spectators of the perilous voyage. The descent was made in safety, and he dropped 300 feet into the abys below. It soon rose intact and was descried in an oddy. Elmer Jones swam out from the Canadian shore and towed the barrel in shore, taking out the foolish voyager, who was alive but badly bruised and shaken up. Fifty minutes were spent in the surging waters. Graham said that while he was safely cooped in the barrel, his sensation while passing down the rapids was that of a person passing into a perlious depth by drowning.

Forty-five men were imprisoned for hours Friday, in a flooded mine, 13 miles from Cumberland, Md., and but for the remarkable bravery of a single hero, who braved alone dangers others refused to face, none of the unfortunate men would have survived to tell the tale. The men were employed in the Alleghany mine, which belongs to the Consolidated Coal Company. Adjoining it is the old Boston or Elzna mine, long since worked out and flooded with water, the accumulation of years. The collapse of a portion of the wall separating the two mines was the cause of the threatened calamity. A crash, then a sudden rush of water, surprised the miners. In a few moments the mine was flooded to a depth of four feet, and still the waters seemed unchecked. Escape was impossible, for the rushing torrent was between them and the shaft. Soon the waters rose beyond the depth of the tallest man, and only by perching themselves in elevated positions were they kept from their deathly grasp. H. P. Meem, mining engineer of the company, called for volunteers to face with him the dangers of the mine, the people held up their hands in horror, and refused to give him heed. But Meem was not to be baffled alone succeeded in inspiring courage into the despairing miners, until all were saved.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For the Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

David M. Stone, editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, has not taken a day off in 20 years. Barnum is after this hardshell anti-vacationist.

Items and Incidents.

Employer—Want three weeks off before you take your regular two weeks' vacation? What for? Clerk—To go into training, sir. A fellow can't stand a two weeks' vacation without being prepared for it.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spokane Falls is recovering rapidly from the effects of the great fire within her borders. The chief baker of the city resumed business the day after the fire. Having no sign, he hoisted a pitchfork above the ridgepole of the "shack" he was living in, with a loaf of bread stuck on each tine. A tea merchant resumed business with a similar expedition, although his entire outfit consisted only of two or three packages of tea, two or three sacks of coffee, a table, a mill and a pair of scales.

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physician. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of the medicine, was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

Brown-Sequard was born in 1818. His elixir, it is said by eminent physicians, will not save him from second childhood.

Not one in twenty-five from some little allment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

An Oregon fishing company has made such a success of its first consignment of fish for the New York market that it talks of extending its business and converting what has been an experiment into a steady supply. The fish are caught from steamers which make short, swift trips to the fishing banks from Portland, Oregon.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

It is said that on an average two bodies are yet being found every day in turning over the debris at Johnstown, and frequently the number is five or six.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall by send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

"Walter, bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs." Voice at the next table—"The same for me; but, waiter, be sure they are fresh." "All right." Waiter's voice in the distance—"Four soft boiled eggs; two must be fresh."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Sept. 3, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Veals.	Sheep.
M. D. Hoit			220
Gilnes & Weston,	10		
Mr. Welch,	2		
Taylor & Dennison,	11	36	
P. W. Thompson,	18	4	
A. B. Foss,	30		
W. W. Hall & Son,	38	20	
W. H. Webster,	9	18	
B. C. Watts,	15		
J. McDonald,			423
C. H. Merrill,			127
F. A. Mace,			215
J. S. Weller,			210
B. F. Blaisdell,			367
L. C. Libby & Sons,	18	25	
H. W. Norton,	11	5	
F. L. Libby,	5	30	
Trafton & McIntire,	20	11	
H. Pierce,	9	10	
CANADA.			
J. J. Kane,			226
E. H. Thompson,			450
E. F. Gingrass,			226
B. S. Hastings,			700
Adden & Heath,			430
Dow & Moulton,			230
W. K. Campbell,			414
F. Gladyn,			900
G. W. Wilcox,			440

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

Trafton & McIntire sold 3 beef oxen, to three 1100 lbs. each, at 4½c live weight, equal to 6¾c dressed weight, shrunk 30 per cent.; 3 oxen, to three 950 lbs., at 4c live weight; 2 to three 750 lbs. at 3½c live weight; 12 veals, 120 lbs. each, at 5½c live weight; 3 choice springers at $45 each; 2 springers at $37.50 each. C. H. Merrill sold 176 lambs, average 60 lbs., at 5½c live weight; 18 sheep at 4c. J. S. Weller, 180 lambs, average 65 lbs., at 6c; 30 sheep, average 100 lbs., at 4c. A. B. Foss, 2 two-year-old bulls, 400 lbs. each, at 4c per pair. Gilnes & Weston, 10 steers, average 1200 lbs. live, for $3.60. P. W. Thompson & Son, 2 cattle, 3220 lbs. live weight, at 4½c; 6 veals, average 135 lbs., at 5½c. Pierce sold 9 springers at $40 each; 10 veals, average 100 lbs., at 4c. Webster sold 4 cows for $45 each.

Whole amount of live stock at market—Cattle, 3491; sheep, 11,822; hogs, 19,741; veals, 985; horses, 499.

Stock from Maine—Cattle, 184; sheep, 1460; veals, 159; horses, 87.

Cattle exports—Shipment from Boston via English steamers, the past week, 2348 head, against 3075 head the previous week. Market off ¼c, at 10 and 10¼c.

THE RUN OF THE MARKET.

A few cattle at 6 and 6¼c dressed weight. Market not active, but a few nice heavy cattle wanted. Slim as last week for country butchers.

Sheep—1900 changed hands at White River Junction to brighton butchers, at 5½ to 6¼c. Market steady.

Hogs unchanged. West or north, 4¼c live to 5¾ dead.

Veals not plenty, and sales about the same as last week.

Milch cows in moderate demand.

Horses—A little stir, but hardly perceptible.

OTHER FARM PRODUCTS.

Wool—The position this farm product occupies in the market is a peculiar one. Dealers and speculators have invested and refuse to become losers, while manufacturers who are able to shake the greenbacks in the face of the dealer is King of the situation, and can and will make a good trade. So much distrust has been caused by the immense failures among those who have heretofore been the Kings and called millionaires, that a confidence is shown in cash buyers. Politeness is shown this class of dealers and concession made, so that today we can safely say that wool is from one to four cents lower than when the farmers of Maine disposed of the bulk of their clip. It would take a choice lot of Maine medium woul to bring over 25 cts., while off grades sell at 20 to 25 cts.

Hay—This most valuable Maine farm product, which this season promises to leave large pots of money in our State, as nearly every farmer intends to sell more or less, starts off with a grand buy and has raised up some $2 per ton, it gives some life to the hay question. Hay dealers in various parts of the State are paying $10 to $11 in the barns, delivered. Some have contracted for all but gilt-edge, which will undoubtedly command $20 per ton in market, and is always in demand. Hay early cut, carefully cured, and well secured, will take the lead and bring a high price, while other grades will show great ranges. Best old hay is worth to-day in carload lots $18 to $20; common, $15 to $18.

REMARKS.

In our notes on cattle on traffic, we wish to say that in conversation with the well known cattle dealer, C. H. Merrill of Newport, who has spent the last three months on the vast plains of the great West, he expresses himself as confident that although the price of beef is low, that it must go lower, and gives as reasons for his conclusions that the western plains are, literally speaking, overstocked, and the quality had to be fresh and free from all defects to command that. Lots grading first and extra firsts took a lower range and were slow of sale. In fact, all lots that were fleshed in above the medium order, so that cannot be neglected, and buyers can about make their own figures. Fresh northern creamery was firm at 20 cents in lots to the trade, but small lots of the same were in a small way at a higher range. Fine dairy selections sold at 17@18 cents, and might go higher if on the right quality, but for the general run 14@16 cents is still a full rate. The line between fine fresh made and held stock is strongly drawn, and country shippers should keep this fact clearly in mind when they send consignments to market.

Trade has been light during the week, with very little change in prices. Owing to a further slight decline in the country buyers still have the advantage, but holders are not urging sales, as stocks are not large. Sales have been at 8½ to 9 cents for fine Northern and 7½ to 8 cents for Western. The best Ohios are not offering under 8 cents. Twins command 9 to 9¼ cents, but the outside is extreme.

Stupid Frauds on Sanford's Ginger

Sanford's Ginger
Is the Best of all known Gingers.

Beware of cheap, worthless, and often dangerous "gingers," which are persistently urged, even forced, upon would be purchasers of SANFORD'S as "our own make," or "good as Sanford's," or "cheaper than Sanford's," or "same as Sanford's," sold by mercenary dealers, not in the interest of health, but for a few cents' extra profit.

No respectable druggist or grocer is ever guilty of such practices.

Avoid all others.

Composed of imported ginger, choice aromatics, and medicinal French brandy, SANFORD'S GINGER, based on intrinsic worth, is the strongest ginger in the world, always the first time! Hot or any other, and selling but a few cents higher than the cheapest pedler's ginger.

Sold everywhere. Ask for

Sanford's Ginger

With Owl Trade-Mark on the Wrapper.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Sept. 3, 1889.

FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY AND MILLFEED. Agents note a little better request for flour, in the way of round lots from the mills, while the demand for small lots on immediate wants is fairly good. The quotations for this market show no particular change.

Cornmeal is easier. Corn is easier to ship here, and meal follows. The quotations are: Extra cornmeal, $2.10; domestic, kiln dried, $2.20@2.25; choice granulated $2.75@2.85; bag meal 90@92c; oatmeal, $5 for fine; cut, $5.70. Rye is quoted at 70c in 100-lbs. lots, at 65c for carload lots. Rye flour is quoted at $3@$3.50.

Corn is easier. The market in the West is easy, and corn is offered at lower prices here. Quotations in round lots in bags are at: High mixed, 48c; steamer yellow, 47½@48c; steamer mixed, 47c; no grade, 45@46c.

Oats are very quiet. There were no sales of futures. The only feature of the closing call were 31½@31¾c bid for year, with 31¾c asked, and 35c asked on May.

The best quality of hay meets with a good sale at $18 to $19 per ton, but ordinary quality continues slow at $14 to $17. Rye straw in fair demand at $17 to $17 50 per ton.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. For the finest fresh made western creamery butter, yesterday 20@20¼c was obtained in 25 to 50 lb. lots, and in a jobbing way grocers paid 21@23 cents per pound. Those were the very top rates for the fancy brands. For the general run of western creamery sold on commission 18@18½ cents was a pretty full range, and the quality had to be fresh and free from all defects to command that. Lots grading first and extra firsts took a lower range and were slow of sale. In fact, all lots that were fleshed in above the medium order, so that cannot be neglected, and buyers can about make their own figures. Fresh northern creamery was firm at 20 cents in lots to the trade, but small lots of the same were in a small way at a higher range. Fine dairy selections sold at 17@18 cents, and might go higher if on the right quality, but for the general run 14@16 cents is still a full rate. The line between fine fresh made and held stock is strongly drawn, and country shippers should keep this fact clearly in mind when they send consignments to market.

Eggs have been selling pretty well, and on the best marks of Michigan prices were firmer, some lots going at 19 cents, but 18 to 18½ cents was the regular rate. Choice Western and Provincial sold at 17 to 18 cents. Eastern extras 19 to 20 cents.

Potatoes have been in fair demand with sales at 50 to 60 cents per bushel, and $1 50 to $1 75 per barrel. Supply was light yesterday.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 3, 1889.

Amount of live stock at market—Cattle 489; Sheep and lambs, 5410; Swine, 200; veals, 50; Horses, 112; number of Western cattle, 339; Northern and Eastern, 180.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs. live weight—Extra quality, $4 15@5 12; 1st quality $4 50@4 70; 2d quality $4 00@4 45; third quality $3 50@3 95; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00@3 50.

Brighton Hides 6¾@6¾c per lb.
Brighton Tallow 4c per lb.
Country Hides 6c per lb.
Country Tallow 4c per lb.
Calf Skins 5@6c per lb.
Sheep and Lamb Skins 25c each.
Wool Skins 50c each.

There were but a few Western cattle brought into market this week, a good portion of them being owned by butchers, costing landed at the slaughter houses from $3 50@4 75 per 100 lbs. live weight. Trade for beef cattle was very quiet, and the supply, though light, was all the demands require. There was a fair supply of cattle and cows in market for the Wednesday trade.

Sheep and Lambs—Most of the western sheep and lambs brought into market are owned by butchers, and were landed at the yards from 4½@6¾c per lb. live weight landed at the slaughter houses.

Swine—Only a few store pigs in market, selling at $1@5 per head. Western fat hogs are all owned by butchers, and taken direct to the slaughter houses.

THE BIG RACE AT HARTFORD. The interest in the big race at Hartford which Nelson was expected to win but did not, is so great that we here present the full record of the several heats and comments made by the reporter in the *Spirit of the Times*:

Nelson was thought to be fast enough to win the necessary three heats, while a few speculative turfmen thought the field contained one or two horses that could give him a sharp race. Of these, another stallion, the gray Alcryon, stood highest in public estimation, while the gelding Jack had some friends who hoped he might come at the latter part of the fight and secure the honors. In the betting before the race the money poured in on Nelson at 10 to 5 against the field, and when he won the first heat in 2.14¼ his backers stood by him more firmly than ever. The next heat was a complete transformation, for Nelson had his previous fight and was beaten in the last few yards by Alcryon. After that the field was favorite, and when the gray sensation repeated his performance in the third heat at once ruled the betting. It is the first time in the history of the Grand Circuit that so great a favorite was thrown down, and the excitement was intense.

Alcryon was not pushed to his best, for Nelson had lost his marvelous fight and his backers in the last few yards. After that the field was favorite, and when the gray stallion

Poetry.

The Old Meeting House.

In our forefathers' sober time,
When folks were solemn as their rhymes,
An architect of local fame,
With some sound Puritanic name,
Upon the sunny village square
Unreared the cherished House of Prayer.

Albeit 'tis said he had a heart,
He was not versed in Gothic art;
From steeple down to echoing aisle
He sought severity in style,
And deemed the use of glass a sin,
That would not let the sunlight in.

A modest vane upon the spire
Flashed, summer long, a golden fire;
The vine above the porch took on
The autumn's crimson bonison;
And purity as fine as snow
The walls were ever white to show.

Still stands the House of Prayer; no whit
Has time on speeding altered it,
Save that we note, as in the sage,
A dignity that comes with age;
And find a grace around it cast
That speaks the presence of the past.

Those entering its homely door
A something feel unfelt before—
A sweet unearthly thrill stirs
The striving of our restless wills,
And bids us greet in glad accord
The Presence Chamber of the Lord.

Our Story Teller.

ANNA.

The village of Oxford was alive with curiosity that Sunday morning to see the bride that Bob Trench had brought home. He had wooed and won her in New York, and none of his family had seen her until her arrival among them the night before. The whole family, "said Dr. Tanner, "was done, no doubt, at a white heat, and after the fashion of the Trench family."

The Trenches were a large-bodied, hot blooded race, always making a talk in the country by sudden outbreaks into vice or into big, heroic deeds of virtue.

The quiet, slow-going, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who made up the community of the village of Oxford found the virtuous Trenches quite as discomposing and uncomfortable to live with as the wicked ones.

"Radical religion," said Deacon Vale, "is like a baikin' horse. He may not intend to drag you up hill, but he lands you in the ditch at last. Give me an old, steady pacer on the road or in the church."

The Trenches had a front pew (for which they sometimes forgot to pay), and it was here that Bob led his wife this morning. She was a small woman with light eyes and hair, and looked oddly white and cool and insignificant among big-boned, black-browed Trenches. She knew that the whole congregation were sitting in judgment on her eyes and nose and gown, but went through with her devotions in absolute calm. Old Dr. McLeod, in the pulpit, casting a curious glance down at her, was appalled by catching her pale eye fixed rebukingly upon him, and flurried through the sermon in headlong haste.

When the plate was passed for collection, honest Bob, in the fever of his soul, pulled out a hundred-dollar bill; but the bride neatly intercepted it, and dropped in five instead. On the way home she gave the note back to him.

"Why did you not let me give it, Anna? My heart was so full of thanksgiving! I have you! I wanted somebody to be the better for it."

"Five dollars is quite enough to spend yearly on the conversion of the Jews," she said, smiling. "We make out a list of the charities, calculate what we can afford to give to each, and divide."

"Bother!" I like to make a spurt when I feel charitable," grumbled Bob; but he squeezed her arm and looked down on her adoringly. "How just you are, Anna. You my word! Believe you are perfect."

"I try to do what is right," said the little creature, walking beside him with trim, measured steps. There was not a touch of elation in her tones. She, too, yet Bob somehow felt belittled beside her, and shuffled in his body like a big guilty school-boy.

Luncheon was the first meal at which the family had met since her arrival. Now Grandma Trench, who was 70 and a victim of the doulloureux, had long ago yielded the care of the house to Kate, the eldest daughter. There had been fierce suspicions in Kate's mind that the newcomer would try to wrest the reign of sovereignty from her.

"She'll take the head of the table, you'll see," she told her sister Josey confusedly.

"She must understand from the beginning that you and I contribute to the expenses, and that I manage. I will never take a second place—never! What can that child, brought up in a city boarding school, know of housekeeping!"

But the child in her babyish white gown seemed to understand the situation by second sight. She came into the room where luncheon was served, her arm about grandma's waist, softly smiling as the old lady chattered. Kate, tall and grim, stood behind the head of honor. At an instant Anna had seated the old lady in it.

"My dear!" she cried amazed. "This is not my place?" Kate or—er you."

"No, no, dear!" she said. "Of course the place of precedence is yours," said Anna, gently. "That is right." I will sit by you and do the work," sliding quietly into a chair.

Kate, in a dumb rage, found herself deposed. But what could she do? Anna was right. She was right, too, when Bob Augustus for a third cup of green tea, in leaving it unfilled.

"You think you want more," she said, her light, smiling eyes holding his firmly. "But you are mistaken, Robert; you do not. You only think so."

It is a fact memorable among the Trenches that Bob never asked for a third cup again.

The Trenches were undisciplined in their eating, as in everything else. When grandma asked for deviled lobster, Anna, with an innocent face, gave her cold chicken.

"The child did not hear me," the old lady thought, and she quietly ate her vapid fare. But Kate was not deceived.

"You mistook me," she said to Anna, after they left the table, trying to smile courteously. "We never interfere with mother's diet, however unwholesome it may be."

"Ah? But that is not right!" replied the little bride with a sweet laugh. "I shall love her too dearly to allow her to commit suicide by inches."

"It is right." That her sweet laugh were her only weapons. The Trenches might fume, or rage, or laugh with savage insolence at her proposed reforms; but there she stood, calm, immovable, an inflexible purpose animating every effort of her soft little body, and giving meaning to her pale blue eyes and gentle laugh.

In a year she had proved her power. Deviled lobster, with all highly seasoned and expensive dishes, had vanished from the French table, and had been replaced by cool and cheap meats compounded by Anna's own deft fingers.

"It was not right so much of their income should go to pauper stomachs." "It was right that what Bob was the chief bread winner of the household Bob's wife should buy the bread." She never put the last maxim into words, but into gentle, inexorable, incessant practice.

Grandma in secret cried bitter tears of anguish for her hot curries, for her novel, for the gossiping visits of the neighbors, for the impromptu dances of the children of the young people, in all of which the vivacious old woman delighted. Anna, with her pleasant laugh had declared dances as forbidden as cards. The neighbors soon found that their runnings in and out were regarded by Mrs. Robert as a sad waste of time, and ceased to come. Anna, who liked to hear her own voice, inaugurated a series of evening readings in poetry and history, to which the family listened with covert yawns and rebellious spirits.

Kate, though the twelve months had measurably cowed her, ventured on a vigorous protest.

"Mother," she told Anna, "always made our home pleasant when we were young, in order to keep us in it. This was a gay hospitable house; every Trench loved it. She tried to do the same for Neily's children when she brought them back to us fatherless. But it's no longer gay. Neily and Dr. Tanner, who are learning to hate their home."

"I understand you, Catherine," said Anna, smiling; "with dances, and other silly wastings of time, I regard as wicked."

"But we do not so regard them. Surely Neily herself must judge for her children."

"They can be but one right and one wrong, said the smiling little woman. "I am right."

It was Anna who criticised poor Josey's oil paintings. Josey was a cripple, and her one amusement was to paint impossible valleys, hills and beeches. But Anna showed her how false was her coloring, and cut and rules her into truth. "Artists would only laugh at your pictures, dear Josephine," she said. "Why waste your immortal time in a pursuit for which you have absolutely no talent?"

"How could you be so cruel?" Kate cried with angry tears, when Josey went out of the room. "She suffers constantly. She never can look forward to the life of other women. If her poor little sketches give her any happiness, why should you rob her of it?"

"It is not right to even tacitly aid in deception," said Anna. "Beside I wish Josephine to embroider an altar carpet. Why should she not give her time and labor to religion?"

Josey that night, pale and red-eyed, burned all her sketches.

"Why did you not tell me they were worthless dabs?" she said to Kate, bitterly. "As for altar carpets and chenlie work, that is not religion. I will have nothing to do with them!" But in a week she was at her task on the carpet.

"Bob's wife shall never interfere with my life," Kate boasted, hotly.

Yes, it was Anna who called Bob's attention to the facts that young Whiting had been hanging around the girl for months.

"His salary is a mere nothing and his health is not good," she urged.

"Katey has something of her own, and if she loves Billy she may wish to nurse him back to health," said good-natured Bob.

"It is not right her life should be sacrificed to an invalid."

"Really, Anna, I cannot interfere. Kate is old enough to judge for herself as to the right course."

"Dear Robert, there can be but one right course! I have told you what it is."

In consequence of this and many other talks Bob frosned young Whiting with such coolness that he left the house one evening deeply offended. Soon afterward he emigrated to California, there to grow healthy and rich, and in time to marry a girl who resembled Catherine Trench.

Kate is still unmarried.

Grandma Trench died on the second year of Anna's reign. "She was unaccountably weak," the physician said, and unable to resist acute disease." He told his wife that he suspected Mrs. Robert's dietry was not of a nourishing kind; and the old lady belonged to a large-bodied, hungry race, who required rich food and plenty of it."

The poor old woman crept into her grave with a full measure of starvation in her mind and heart as well as body. She had been a Methodist in her youth and would gladly have gone to that church in the last days of her life and have joined in a passionate hymn or in shouting "glory." But Anna, when she told her this, gently shook her head.

"I do not think such excesses are reverent," she said. "Dr. Patey will come and pray with you this afternoon."

"I will not see Dr. Patey," cried the old lady, vehemently. Anna told her husband of this refusal.

"Mother used to be a Methodist. Perhaps she would like to go to her own church!" said Bob anxiously.

"As if there could be more than one church!" thought Anna. She let the matter drop. If Mrs. Trench would not hear religion in decorous fashion it would be better she should hear nothing. So the dying woman made her peace with God alone, if she made it, and died, and Dr. Patey buried her.

Soon afterwards Nelly, Bob's widowed sister, told him she would take her children and make a little home for them. "Josey and Kate will go with us, brother," she said.

"But father meant—I thought we all would keep together while we lived, Nelly," said Bob, his black eyes growing dim. He was an affectionate fellow, and his sisters were very dear to him. Life alone with his wife yawned very bare and empty before him. "I hope you and Anna have had no words?"

"No indeed. Nobody could have any words with Anna. But—it would be better for us to go, Bob."

She said to Josey afterward: "God help him! She is stifling him. I would stay, but I will not have the children's lives cramped. She has her little rigid idea of duty and she goes about forcing every other human being's life into it. She might as well have an iron shoe made to fit herself, and then crush all our feet into that."

Anna smiling bade her sisters farewell and prayed God to bless them

"I never thought to see the girls leave the old homestead," said Bob hoarsely. "Father meant their home should be here."

Anna's heart was warm with triumph that she was at last mistress of the old homestead; but she really did not know the cause of her triumph. She thought she was pleased that her sisters had done the past few years he has given up attempting to catch bears, as they are so cunning. "It is not worth the trouble, especially to an old codger like me, to attempt to outwit the yeaky varmints," he says.

There are but few men in New England who enjoy the distinction of being successful modern bear hunters. Pre-eminently the most successful of them is S. M. Locke of Roxbury, Me., with whom I lived six years, and assisted many times in trapping these wily animals, who has hung in his farmhouse over 50 bears' scalps.

Mr. Locke was formerly a Boston business man. He removed to Maine about 15 years ago, and bought a large tract of wild land, upon which he cleared a tillable farm and stocked it with a large flock of sheep and a herd of cattle. It soon became evident that his business as a stock raiser would be far from profitable if he did not kill off the bears, which were making raids continually on his live stock. Bruin's depredations became unbearable to Mr. Locke, who vowed vengeance, and he went about devising means whereby he might ensnare his bearish enemies and put a stop to their rascality. Mr. Locke said: "I had to go to school to the bears before I was able to catch them, that I might learn of their tricks and become as sly as they. While my neighbors were continually being baffled by having their traps sprung without securing a bear, I have learned to deceive the slyest of them."

There is no close time for hunting the bear. While at fixed times in the year other game is protected by law, the bear is never protected. Boston sportsmen often take a run down east and try their hand at hunting bears. They hunt, but rarely get near enough to a bear to kill him. It is a significant fact that a hunter enjoys the fascination of hunting, and undergoes all sorts of deprivations, even if he doesn't capture a living thing. "He'll toot his horn if he doesn't sell a clam."

Bear hunting is the most exciting sport known in the hunting line. Very few people have the courage to stand face to face with one of these brutes, no matter how well armed. To walk through a dense forest and have a big, black animal suddenly appear in your path, when such an occurrence is least expected, will take the sportsmanlike courage out of anybody.

Walking through the woods one day with a city cousin, not more than a mile from the house, we were startled by hearing the limbs of an oak tree directly over our heads crackling. Looking up we were more than startled to see a great black bear shinning down the tree in a great hurry. When he reached the lower limb of the tree, which was about 15 feet from the ground, he dropped directly in front of us before we could get out of the way. Had we our senses about us we could have easily shot the beast; but we were both so weak with fear that we could not muster strength enough to raise our pieces and shoot. The bear did not pay his respects or acquaintance, but took to his heels with all possible speed. When we realised ourselves out of danger, we began to mourn the lost opportunity of capturing a bear all by ourselves, and possessing the glory of such a feat. We didn't grasp the prize when it was in our hands, and so utterly ashamed were we that never a word did we breathe on our return home that we had encountered a bear.

That is why bear hunting is exciting. Any kind of sport that is attended with danger is exciting. The excitement of hunting bears in the summer season is not as great as in the winter. I have accompanied Mr. Locke on many trapping expeditions in the summer, when it rained too hard to make hay, and had my share of the "excitement" of carrying for miles up the mountains trapping appurtenances of great weight, which in my judgment did offset the excitement experienced when a bear was captured, consequently I never had much enjoyment in that kind of sport.

However, I did enjoy, and that thoroughly, one hunting expedition, and that was when a party of us went into the dead of winter on a camping-out crusade against bruin. It was in the latter part of December, just before sunrise, when we started. The snow which had fallen in successive storms now lay deep on the ground. Making our way in Indian file through the forest, there were Uncle Hiram, the old veteran above referred to, two city friends and myself. Each of us was harnessed to a peculiar sort of vehicle, called in hunters' phrase, "toboggan," by long thongs of deer skin, which were put across the breast and secured to the neck by another strap, to prevent their slipping down, like the breastplate of a horse. The vehicle consisted of a cedar board eight feet long, 18 inches wide, one-quarter of an inch thick, made perfectly smooth, and the forward end bent up like the nose of a sled, to which the load was fastened. This formed the lightest sled imaginable, being so long in proportion to its width as to receive but little obstruction from the snow. The sled was so constructed that it glided easily over the drifts or logs, and accommodated itself to the irregularities of the surface. Upon these sledges we carried our rifles, ammunition, camping utensils and provisions, withal prepared for a month's outing in the cold, bleak woods.

Our journey lay in a northern direction, where the bear hibernates, and our plans were to find these sleeping apartments of the bear, rouse him out and kill him, which would seem to me a most unfair way, but except that my heart was especially hardened by the memories of the pet lambs bruin had wantonly killed and devoured, and all that I had suffered through a longing for an opportunity to, in a measure, wreak vengeance upon those cowardly brutes. We had intended to travel three or four days and then camp out for an indefinite period, at least until we had killed enough bears to satisfy our hunters' greed.

There is a decided shade of difference in camping out in the summer and camping in the winter with three feet of snow on the ground and the mercury registering several inches below zero.

This was the first experience our city friends had ever known of real camp and hunters' life, and long before night they showed unmistakable signs of weariness, casting many a furtive glance toward the setting sun, the last of which shone red through the trees. Upon the seasoned frame of Uncle Hiram the journey made no impression.

At last wearied, and shoulders achind from the cutting of the straps, we halted and decided upon a place to camp out for the night. It was by an old hemlock tree which had been turned up by the wind the year before, which made its great roots matted together and filled with frozen earth, an impenetrable barrier against the northwest wind, which was blowing keen and cold. We scratched off the snow around the stump to the ground, then cutting some crotched poles, set them up in the snow and supported other poles in the crotches, rested their ends on the top of the stump, thus forming rafters, and over them threw brush until we made it all tight, leaving a hole in the centre for the smoke to go out, then covered the floor thickly with hemlock branches, and flung our blankets on it. We then collected some dead wood, which made excellent dry fuel, and built a blazing fire which ascended through the aperture in the roof, and which lighted up the whole camp, changing the character of the scene as by enchantment.

After partaking of a hearty meal, warmed by our blazing fire, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept even more soundly than we usually do in our cosy beds at home. The night was bitter cold; that we minded not, as the warmth of the blazing logs was sufficient to kill the frigidity of the night.

The next morning we broke camp, travelled all day, camping again that night.

The next day at noon, while eating dinner, we espied some deer browsing on the tender tops of the saplings among the young growth of trees. It was evident that they did not see us, as we had instantly lain down on seeing them. Uncle Hiram then proceeded to show we younger men how to get at the deer without attracting their attention, and capture one. He cut a parcel of nine boughs, tied them around his head, making himself look like a deer like a clump of bushes, and crawled toward them. We watched him with breathless attention as he entered a cluster of bushes within gunshot range.

The deer seeing him now, began to manifest distrust. The leader raised his head and sniffed the air. At that moment the hunter fired, and the leader of the herd fell in his tracks, when Uncle Hiram rushed to his side and drew his knife across the throat of the deer.

"Now, boys, what do you think of growing?" As a duck becomes older he becomes less and less yellow and finally is pure white."

Leaving the duckling-house we wondered about the numerous houses and yards, which were filled with ducks, from those a few weeks old to those ready to be killed or saved for breeding purposes. An endless quack! quack! filled the air, and now rested and laid our plans for the future.

That night at 12 o'clock began a most furious snow storm; but little did we heed it in our snug camp. The storm continued two days, clearing off with a high wind. During our exile in camp Uncle Hiram entertained us by relating his many experiences in hunting bears, showing the scars marks on his arms and shoulders, the result of personal combats with the beasts we longed so much to kill. We naturally became restless under the time when we might ourselves kill a bear.

The next morning Uncle Hiram said: "Now, let us look for bears. I have seen signs, more or less, ever since we came here."

"What are the signs?" we asked.

Uncle Hiram smiled, and pointed to a clump of oaks and beeches by the side of a brook, the top limbs of which were all bent in.

"What do you suppose broke and bent all those limbs?" he asked.

"Why, the bears, of course."

We had not proceeded far in our search when Uncle Hiram exclaimed:

"I've found one!"

He was standing at the foot of an enormous elm, which, being hollow, had broken off about 30 feet from the ground.

"How do you know there is a bear in there?" we asked. "We don't see any."

At this Uncle Hiram laughed, and pointed out to us a regular line of grooves and scratches, extending from the bottom to the top of the tree, left by the bear's claws, where it had gone up and down. He also told us that the bear went into his den in November and remained asleep, without eating or coming out till spring, and that it was a she bear, because they always lived by themselves; that if there was a bear there she probably had cubs, perhaps four, at least two; perhaps eight, for if she had two litters in one year she would make a den close by for the first cubs; both litters follow her the next summer, and the next winter all live together.

Cutting away at the roots of the tree, our axes soon struck almost into the fur of the brute, who, as we expected, had crawled down almost on a level with the ground. Our noise awoke her, and she immediately tried to climb up and over the top. Once out, we knew that the chances were good for her giving us the slip, so we pounded on the outside of the tree so violently that every time the old bear tried to climb up she was jarred down again. After we had cut a hole large enough to give us a good sight at her, it was easy enough to run a rifle in and put her days. The shot took her square in the head, and she died instantly.

Uncle Hiram's next discovery, the same afternoon, was at the mouth of a cave, wherein, he told us, there was a regular "nest of bears," judging by outward signs, such as marks of teeth on the trees round about the entrance, etc.

We then proceeded to dig for these bears. We found that the bears had cleared out a place in the cave as much as 15 or 20 feet long, and that it was almost impossible to get at it. Night came on, and we gave it up for that day and returned to our camp.

The next morning we went at it again, digging like miners after gold. At last we knew we were pretty near our game, as we could feel the warm breath of the bears coming out of the cave. A few more strokes of our pick we made, when, looking in, we could see a great mass of coal-black fur all doubled up in the shape of a round ball.

We had considerable difficulty in awakening the old bear, and when she did open her eyes, what a scene there was. We just scrambled out of that hole as if shot out of a gun, with the bear after us. At the opening Uncle Hiram shouted to us to jump one side, which we did, and the old bear shot out past us. As she turned to see what, who and where her disturbers were, we all fired at her, killing her on the spot.

Making sure that the bear was dead, we went down into the den and succeeded in capturing two cubs, all there were in the den.

After skinning the three bears we retired again to our camp and rested the remainder of the day, ate a hearty meal of bear steak, and listened to more of Uncle Hiram's bear stories.

The next morning we found another den containing a great he bear, which we succeeded in capturing after a desperate struggle.

We remained in camp two weeks longer, during which time we succeeded in capturing two small cubs, but the old bear escaped after being wounded by us. We killed one of the cubs, the other we took home, which I subsequently tamed and kept for two years. I named him Brutus. He was exceedingly mischievous, killing a lamb running by the side of its mother, and got into all manner of capers. One day in attempting to steal some butter which was placed in the well for keeping, he fell into the water and was drowned.

So, satisfied with our great luck, we packed our sledges, taking with us the skins of the bears and as much of the meat as we could comfortably carry, and turned our faces homeward, where we safely arrived after three days of hard tramping.

The skins of the bears we caught were sold to a wealthy Jersey City banker, which he used in adorning his library. Altogether our expedition was a profitable one and attended by unusually good luck. Were it not for the skill of Uncle Hiram we would probably have had our journey in vain.

Bears are still plenty in Maine. Only last week Mr. Locke caught two fine specimens, and now has the skins on exhibition.

A LANDSCAPE VIEW.

Idyllic Days of a Country Summer.

"He came up to the house and got the revolver and a while ago I saw him shoot a hen down the field over behind the barnway," was the housekeeper's reply to my friend's inquiry as to her husband's whereabouts.

Now revolvers were synonymous in my mind with a taking of life, and, possibly, my manner may have betrayed something of this, for my friend daringly suggested, "Come on, let's go see what's up," and before I could express my trepidation an arm had been thrust through mine, and I was crossing a yard aglow with summer bloom. Wonder upon our animal exhibition volunteered, at which point I stopped to cast a lounging glance back at her pretty home, and decided that however entertaining and alive to the land in question might be, I would rather be excused from participating. Before I'd time to speak, however, a droll, "Aren't you coming, after all?" brought me to the sense of not being outdone by some one smaller than myself, so I trailed across a dusty country road through a field all sweet and green, as only real country ones are.

"Wait here," my friend commanded, and gathering up her skirts disappeared into a building only to rush out, flash across a pathway and out of sight. Now, to stay quietly where I'd been bidden was not what the question, and taking up my gown I entered the building nearest. A peculiar, fuzzy dizziness set me a coughing so lustily that the noise attracted from an inner room. "Come to see me kill?" he smilingly inquired, and motioned me into his sanctum where lay a splendid specimen of duck-hood half plucked.

"Do you kill with a revolver?" I interrogated between sneezes.

"We use this knife; put in the duck's mouth, make a splash, then strike its head again that goes up with the head. We kill just now only about 40 or 50 a day for three or four days a week."

"Where do they all go?"

"The dressed ones go to New York; the live ones are sent to all parts, just the same as the eggs are. The Pekin duck farm of Walpole, Mass., is known all through the country, and Mr. Fairfield has made many visits for both fowl and eggs. Want to see the feathers?"

Coming from the feather loft, which is a sight worth the climb, we found Mr. Fairfield, the owner of the farm, waiting to do the honor of the place.

Just behind the "killing" establishment is the feed house, with bins of grain, big boiler, mixing-trough and array of lanterns.

"What do you give the ducks to eat?"

"My method of feeding is one of the tricks of the trade, and when you start a ranch I'll let you into the secret, till then—"

"Ahem! I see; but you don't feed on lanterns, do you?

"Pretty good array isn't it? You see the ducks are afraid in the dark, and allowing a duck to be scared means loss of flesh, so the houses are lighted every night. Come this way. It's time to feed the little fellows."

From the feed-house runs a long narrow building divided into pens in each of which is a brooder. A brooder looks not unlike an elongated doghouse and is heated by hot water kept at the right temperature by a lamp constantly burning. Sixty-odd saffron fluffs had left their shells behind them and just been introduced to their new life, and it was very funny to see them survey and walk about the food until one a little more daring than the others tasted, whereupon the entire brood fell upon it most voraciously. These new ducklings are fed much oftener than are those in the other houses, and require more careful treatment.

A prettier sight it is hard to imagine than this of pen after pen of various sized ducklings with their big beaks, bright eyes and droll manners, when they rush and tumble over and against each other in their haste to be first at food or water tins. It's a regular game of follow-the-leader, for as one spreads its yellow, downy wings with a flourish all the brood prepare to follow, and with the leader's first movement a general rush and noise begin.

"Notice anything peculiar about growing?" As a duck becomes older he becomes less and less yellow and finally is pure white."

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Young Folks' Column.

What Dan Did.

It lay there in the mud and damp leaves, half hidden by a clump of wild blackberry bushes—lay half leaning against a grey, dismal rock covered with rain soaked moss; motionless most of the time, but stirring uneasily as the chilly November wind swept up through Higgins Lane, at the end of which were the blackberry bushes and dismal looking rock. As the wind whirled by it lifted the black drapery and disclosed to view a white face and thin, colorless hand.

At least that was what it seemed to good, motherly Mrs. Burns, as she drew aside the curtain from the north kitchen window, and started back with a cry of surprise, as, looking across the rain sodden and leafless garden toward the little cross road known as Higgins Lane, she saw a black fluttering shape from which, after a long, fixed stare, the form of a woman seemed to evolve itself.

"How could the poor soul come there, and who can it be out in this awful weather?" asked the good woman of herself, shivering as a cold blast threw a dash of rain against the window, and wailed gruesomely around the corner of the house.

"At any rate the poor creature, whoever she is, mustn't stay out there any longer than we can help. Jimmie!" she stepped briskly to the chamber door, "Dan!" and as two sleepy "yes, mothers," came in response,—"hurry, boys, I have something to say to you." And the good soul hurried back to the kitchen and put on an extra kettle of water to heat, brought out an imposing array of peppermint, camphor and liniment bottles, and was selecting various bags and packages from her herb drawer when the boys came clattering down stairs, buttoning coats with one hand, and holding shoes in the other, for these country boys indulged in the luxury of a fire in their room, and so came down in the morning to warm their feet and "thaw" their stiff shoes by the blazing kitchen fire before facing the chilly outdoor air.

"What's your errand, mother?" they cried, as they drew up before the stove. "How long will it take us? Had we better feed the cattle the first?"

"No, it won't take long, and the cattle can wait," responded Mrs. Burns. "Come here," as the boys rose from their chairs.

At their eyes followed the direction of her finger out into the storm, and in chorus from their lips. Then, from Jimmie, "It's old Yellow Sue."

Yellow Sue was a queer old character, reported to be something of a witch, who lived in a little, low, two roomed hut, a short distance from the Burns' farm house. She had no visible means of support except what she got from the farmers in charity, and occasionally a silver coin from some one who wanted their fortune told, and from this, though nothing positive was known against her character, she had acquired rather an uncanny reputation, and by her scowling face and encentric ways had gained the dislike of the young people of the neighborhood.

"Yes, it's old Yellow Sue," continued Jimmie, "and good enough for her, the old cross-patch! She's taken too much of her own herb drink, and now she can use some of her own witchcraft to get herself home again."

"Jimmie!" and motherly Mrs. Burns turned a saddened and indignant face upon the speaker. "It's by poor speaking such heartless words I wanted my boys to go and bring that poor creature up to the house, where mother could make her comfortable, if she still lives, and I think she does, for she seems to move occasionally. She may be sick and starving, for she is a dreadful old cripple, and falls and sprained her ankle, or even broken a limb, but I will not ask you to go feeling as you do, Jimmie."

Mrs. Burns turned from the window in sullen silence. Suddenly he burst out with, "What the use, anyway? The old hag does no good, and brings nothing but trouble to herself and everybody else. It's not our affair, any more."

"She is one of God's creatures, and their troubles are our affairs," replied Mrs. Burns, with gentle dignity. "You may go about your chores, Jimmie. Dan," but no Dan was visible as Mrs. Burns turned to the place he had just occupied by the window, but in a moment he came into the room with rubber boots and coat on.

"I'll go, mother," he said, cheerily, "she's so small I can easily bring her," and he met Jimmie's sneering gaze with heightened color but an unflinching eye. "She is a woman, remember, Jim," he said, as he stood with his hand on the latch. But Jim vouchsafed no answer, but turned with a surly face to go the barn.

There were Mrs. Burns' eyes as she watched Dan go across the garden and up the lane, but they were glad, loving tears, no tears of grief. It was like Dan, always quick with his sympathy for trouble of any kind, and a heart full of instinctive chivalry.

A few yards from the dark, fluttering object he stops, and peers through the driving rain, then runs quickly forward, then holding over it the big farm "cotton, a *big black umbrella* flecked with pieces of wet newspaper.

Jimmie had come in and stood at the window. Dan burst into the kitchen. "Don't won't hear the last of this in a hurry," he exclaimed, rescuing some tramp's umbrella from a miry grave! Oh, my courageous mother, I won't let you forget this right away."

"Jimmie, you will not tease your brother about this affair."

When Mrs. Burns spoke with that quiet flash in her eye Jim knew there was no gainsaying her words, so when Dan came in a moment later he was considerably surprised and relieved at not receiving a torrent of wrath from Jim. But he understood it as mother Burns laid her hand on his head and said: "My dear boy, you showed the right spirit, and it is not by our failures we succeed, but by what we shall be judged, but rather by our earnest, honest efforts to do that which is right and noble."

And Dan felt that her loving glance well repaid him for all his trouble.

M. L. UPTON.

A Story by Old Mother.

Dear Little Children: In your column in the month of July, was a story about a very good and industrious boy. It was acknowledged the best boy story ever told, and it was good enough. I wish every boy that goes out into the world to seek his fortune could be as fortunate as he was in securing a situation in the employ of so good a man as Mr. Aiden, one that appreciated the boy's good qualities. Then, again, he had a mother with whom he boarded, which was a big magnet to encourage him in his faithful ambition in reaping that reward which he so richly merited. Now if the kind editor does not think it too horrid for little folks to read, I will, in a brief manner, tell you one of the *worst* stories you ever heard. It happened many, many years ago, that a young man and woman or grandmothers had any remembrance. It is not a boy story, but about a little girl whose name was Nancy Scott, and her home was in Groton, Mass., and her own mother was dead. She attended school as you little girls do, only she was not so beautifully provided for. She was about the same age as Nancy, and attended the same school that my grandmother Fitch did, and every morning grandmother, then a young girl, called for little Nancy to go to school with her, and every morning she called and little Nancy could not be found. After she had been called for three successive mornings, with the same result, the neighbors mistrusted something must be wrong in regard to little Nancy. So a band was formed, and they searched the buildings, but no trace of little Nancy could be found. They then commenced looking over the farm, and in a very secluded spot, there they found buried the object of their search.

Now I will tell you about her dreadful death, which was all planned before the unfortunate child was born. A pair of witches, which he had just cut, down before the door, and like any other little girl she went to the door and said, "daddy, what are you going to do with those sticks?"

A very angry tone he said, "I will let you know what I am going to do with them." They built a fire in a big fire-place, then took the sticks and put them in this fire, and in her nude state hung her up before the fire, then each murderer was armed with withes, with which they inflicted blows until the child's flesh also was dead. The infliction of the blows wore the bark from the withes into their burnt flesh. In this horrid state that poor murdered girl was found by the jury, thrown into a place in no better condition than a dog would have done for a dumb creature that had died. Scott and his wife, (her father and stepmother) were each sentenced for a while, then for money, which they possessed, they were released, with no worse punishment than the letter M, signifying murder, branded into their foreheads.

Dear little girls and boys, this story is all true, and I want you to be thankful that you have a good father and mother. Many years ago after this dreadful murder was committed, and my mother was a young woman, she visited her Aunt Brazier, (grandmother's sister) who also lived in Groton, Mass., and while there this was told her by the wife came there to work for a day, so mother saw them both. The woman wore a big handkerchief tied closely over her murderous mark. I should have thought they would have felt like wearing a blinder over their eyes, too, shouldn't you, children? They gave up all of their money to save their lives, as were obliged to earn their own living, but I could not endure to have had her work for me.

Ever your friend,

OLD MOTHER.

Little Howard had been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said: "Well, papa, if mamma will do it I guess I'll be whipped, but if you are going to whip me I guess I'll be shut up."

Poultry Department.

Our Poultry Interests.

At no season of the year does the magnitude of the poultry interests impress itself on the public as during our annual exhibitions. Here we begin to catch a faint idea of what the industry has been, is and may be to the State. It is yet in its infancy, though worth millions annually to the breeders of Maine. The first impression received on visiting an exhibition hall will be the superiority of the specimens on exhibition. The improvement each year is very noticeable. What has caused this? The answer must be the stimulus given the breeding interests by the public press. The *Maine Farmer* established a poultry department it was with many misgivings, because something new in journalism in Maine. The immediate result was that others followed the example, and the influence of these combined efforts soon was seen in the attention given to breeding. Thus the work has gone along, until to-day the poultry of Maine ranks with the best in the country. This special line of work has but just begun. No one supposes that the end has been reached in improvement, and yet but few realize how actively one must be employed in order to hold present standards. The poultry department is more necessary to-day than when established, because it must keep prominent the lessons of the day upon the great questions of breeding and feeding.

The average egg production of the State is steadily improving, the size of the poultry increasing, yet there is a great future opening which is full of possibilities. Greater skill, more careful study and application, these are necessary, but in return there are returns far beyond the present. To aid and encourage breeders to reach after and secure these, is the prime object of the *Farmer*. Practical work only is attempted. Every step is measured with reference to results, for these are what are necessary.

In attempting this field of labor it is but just that the poultry breeders be urged to co-operate with this line of work, and first by becoming a regular subscriber for the paper where such work is attempted. This means but little to the individual, but it is everything to the proprietors of a newspaper. It is a slight return for all that is received. The fifty-two visits of the *Farmer*, loaded as it is with practical suggestions for the department, each by itself, is of unquestionable value to him who follows the suggestions offered. In promoting the prosperity of the public by presenting weekly, such features of the great question of keeping, and still promoting growth and productiveness. No feature of the work will be neglected. In return your subscription is desired that the largest possible number of readers may be reached. Subscribe for the *Maine Farmer*, and secure the hints and helps to be offered the coming year.

The Coming Poultry Census.

From June 1, 1889, up to June 1, 1890, is the "census year," and what we produce in that time is what goes into (in figures) the next census report. If were the census office I would send out "forms" to every farmer in the country, whereon they might with but little trouble keep complete account of what was produced on the farm through the year, and its cash value. Just as I am only a woman, I can only urge farmers and all poultry raisers to prepare for the coming census one year next June by keeping accounts right through the census year. One of the things which all interested in poultry want, but have never yet had, is reliable information concerning the size of the poultry business in the United States. We can't have such information, unless farmers and poultry raisers will keep accounts. Figures which are real "guesswork" don't amount to much to anything, even if they are between the covers of the United States Census Report.

Let us have facts this time. We shall not have another chance like this for ten years. If you are not already keeping accounts, begin at once. The first of last June is not so far behind us that you can't remember very nearly what you have done in the time since. So elaborate "system" of "book-keeping" is necessary; just get a small blank book and put down the number of hens kept, the number of eggs laid, chickens hatched, poultry and eggs sold, and the prices obtained for them. It will be but little trouble for each one, but if all will exert themselves it will be the result will be that the poultry statistics of the next census will be as complete as it is possible to get the figures of any other industry.

Tell other farmers what you are doing, and urge them to do the same; and I hope the poultry and agricultural papers generally will call attention to this matter without delay, and strive to impress upon the minds of the poultry raisers, whether farmers or not, the fact that keeping accounts will be a positive benefit to them, as well as to the world at large. The farmer, poultry raiser, or anybody else who keeps accounts, knows more about his business than the man who keeps no account. The account-keeping farmer knows just where he stands financially; and if there is a leak anywhere, he can find it and stop it.—*Fanny Field, in Orange Judd Farmer.*

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

When a man gets to be a grandfather he sighs as he thinks how old his wife is.

How to judge the speed of your train: Get to the station half a minute too late.

City Dame (who has bought a little farm) Mary, all those fresh eggs are soft; go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad.

Clara—"What a terrible noise that wagon makes!" George—"Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?" "What makes it groan so, George?" "Why, it is filled with green apples."

A Kansas minister says: "I have been a far more useful man since the Lord revealed to me that I was never to be a great man."

The man who ought to listen and learn usually does all the talking.

The truth about some men is never known until after they are dead, and you can't find it then upon their monuments.

Customer (to barber)—Have you heard of the bad scrape young Brown got into yesterday?

Barber—Why, no, sir! Who shaved him?

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